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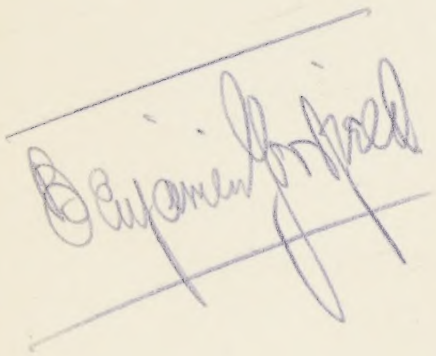

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RADIO PREACHING

Far-Flung Sermons by Pioneers in Broadcasting

BY PHILIP I. ROBERTS

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Far-Flung Sermons by Pioneers in Broadcasting

Introduction by
BERNARD C. CLAUSEN, D.D.

Edited by
PHILIP I. ROBERTS, ed.

217p. 19cm.

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To the Great Invisible Audience of Men and Women Who Have "Tuned In" on the Messages Here Brought Together This Volume is Dedicated

25933

INTRODUCTION

WITH a background of three years' experience in broadcasting the Gospel, I confess that the thrill of it is still upon me. The wireless technique has lured me ever since the War. I was chaplain on the U. S. S. *North Carolina,* and was detailed to duty in the communication office on board. The ship was engaged in transport convoy errands on the North Atlantic. All the jumble of coded and ciphered messages which move their tangle of important intelligence over these peril-filled seas, was brought from the wireless shack far up on the upper deck down to the communication office for interpreting, and every message we sent to our sister-ships and to our shore stations was first turned into code or cipher to protect it from the enemy in transmission. So the magic of wireless seized my mind when it was "essential material of war," and our own lives depended on it.

Months after the Armistice, when President Wilson was making his first hurried trip back from Versailles, the naval ship assigned to accompany him and to handle his wireless correspondence with the world during his sea-journey, broke down in mid-ocean, and the *North Carolina,* steaming to-

ward Europe and just then in the vicinity, was ordered to turn about and serve as the President's communication-link until he reached an American port. For four days we steamed near his vessel, all our ingenuity and radio-equipment taxed with the unexpected task of coding and forwarding his lengthy but intensely interesting orders and communications. When our duty was done, we started out again upon our ordinary business, but not until Mr. Wilson had sent us a personal signal-message, congratulating our radio force on their accurate efficiency, and thanking us on behalf of our country. So the nearest approach I ever made to a naval decoration was a radio approach.

But broadcasting the Gospel is quite another experience. When the field first began to open up, we were at work experimenting. A lad near by with a little sending set, offered to transmit ten-minutes of sermon every Sunday night just before regular church-time. It reached out for a radius of twenty-five miles, and we were excited beyond words one night when the telephone jangled at the end of the sermon, and a long-distance call from Oswego brought the news that parts of sentences had been clearly heard over that chasm of thirty-six miles!

So inexperienced was I in those far-off days that a newspaper inveigled me into posing before a radio set as if in the act of broadcasting a sermon, and only after the photograph had found its way

into widely distributed print was I told by a radio friend that the picture-man had posed me before a receiving set instead of a sending set, and that they hoped my radio congregation would not detect the deception! Needless to say, my radio congregation did, and I was promptly and persistently pestered with sarcastic letters from all over the East, containing inquiries from radio fans as to the details of construction used for my unusual photographed sending equipment.

But even then we were keeping two purposes clear. We were not striving for distance. Our real goal was a ministry of the Word to those hundreds of earnest Christians right near our church doors whose spirits were drooping because they were debarred from active contact with any church service. Farmers out on the snow-clad hills, aged people hemmed in by helplessness, invalids facing a long siege—these were our special constituency. Early in the plans, letters from them brought us courage and gladness.

There was another determination which directed our policies. We were eager to avoid any suspicion of interference with other church programs. We wanted no preacher to feel that the novelty of this new machine was being used to tear down loyalty to his institution. At first we sent out broadcast sermons at 6:30 Sunday night, and hurried off from the wireless station to plunge into the intensity of the evening service.

After a month or two of this, it was a great temptation when some interested people in the city offered to install microphones in the church auditorium so that the actual syllables of the evening service could be collected and transmitted through a fine big set of their own, and sent out without the wear and tear of preaching another sermon in an already busy day.

But this would have trespassed on regular service time in a hundred other churches. The gain seemed easily counterbalanced by the possibility of influence in the wrong direction. Boys might stay home from church to tune in. Families might be tempted by experimentation to lose the habit of faithfulness. So the offer of the big station was accepted for use at 9:30 P. M., after the church services in the vicinity were all safely over and people had time to get home. Since that decision eighteen months ago, our regular Sunday program has included a radio sermon preached at 9:30 as the climax of the day.

It is not as strenuous as it seems. I have found it much easier to preach from manuscript in broadcasting, although I never use a note or a pulpit desk in the auditorium. So the radio task is not the nerve-racking intensity of extemporaneous expression without the slightest audience-response. Instead it is the quieter discipline of a read sermon. And the ease and fluency of effective preaching seems impossible for me when I have to aim my

sermon at a machine, without manuscript before me. There are musical selections in each program, and the order of service is simple and brief. An invocation, a solo, the sermon, a prayer, a hymn-solo and the benediction, comprise the usual outline.

Occasionally I have issued a direct call for decisions at the end of a wireless sermon. The first time we tried it was, so far as we know, the first time it had ever been tried in the history of broadcasting. Twenty-two letters came to me the next week from all over the East acknowledging the fact of conversion, and these letters were sent to churches near the homes of the writers, only a few of them being within the circle of our own church contact.

We have never solicited contributions. Despite that fact, scarcely a week goes by without some gift of appreciation, accompanied by a letter which wrings the heart. Only a few weeks ago, a young business man—a Catholic—summoned me to his office and there announced that he was ready to help in any way toward the extension of our radio plans. He had listened in every Sunday night for months, and was convinced that he could find no better use for his money. I suggested that my own pet idea was the purchase of some radio receiving sets which could be installed by our Boy Scouts from week to week in homes where there were invalids and aged people who had no chance at

sets of their own. The young man called by telephone a local radio dealer, ordered three complete sets delivered to me at his expense, and we dedicated them at the evening service the next Sunday. A published sentence asking that people send us the names of homes where such wireless service would be appreciated brought over fifty suggestions the first week. Our Boy Scouts responded unanimously and tests had to be devised for dividing the real radio experts in the troop from eager amateurs. A corps of skilled wireless fans have been selected and organized into a radio unit to install and tune in and repair the machines. The giver of the sets was invited to go with the scouts to one of the homes where he saw the tears gleam in the eyes of an old, old lady who had loved Jesus for nearly eighty years, but had starved for sermons during ten years of illness, and who was literally astounded at having this miracle invade her own little room. The following week, the Boy Scouts took that set to a crippled veteran and the week after that to the Old Ladies' Home. Winter shut them in, and the radio blessed them with its ministry. The scoutmaster says that the radio machines are worth what they cost if only for what they do to the boys in charge. I think he must be right.

Meanwhile our chapel with its hundreds of seats is crowded Sunday night after Sunday night with throngs of people who will not leave the building

after the benediction is said in the auditorium, but who sift through the lobbies and make their way as near as possible to a green horn which rears itself out of a mysterious box on our chapel platform. They wait in respectful silence while I hurry by automobile from the church to that hill-summit on the edge of the city where the sending set is installed. At 9:30 promptly, they hear the voice of an announcer say, "This is WFAB, Syracuse, New York. We are about to broadcast the regular 9:30 radio sermon—etc." And when they have listened, they say that it has seemed almost real. They laugh and they cry while it is going on. They tell me they are strengthened. That is all I need to know.

I think that if Jesus were here to-day He could not resist the opportunity of broadcasting the Gospel. Not if He could see Mrs. Euwell, ninety-two years old, smile through her tears, as the headphones bring the message to her dull ninety-two-year-old ears, and to her bright, nineteen-year-old heart!

Bernard C. Clausen.

First Baptist Church,
Syracuse, N. Y.

EDITORIAL NOTE

THERE is no necessity for any lengthy editorial comment being offered concerning the contents of this book. It would appear expedient, however, that three things, at least, be here set down.

In the first place, it should be borne in mind that the chapters which follow are really authentic, *bona-fide* radio talks. Not one of them was prepared specially for this volume, or with any thought in the mind of its author of his work finding place in a compilation of this sort. Each and every discourse was delivered independently, and broadcast from the radio station specified. This fact, coupled with that of the widely-separated locations of the preachers and stations selected, warrant the opinion that what is here brought together, represents a typical cross-section of the character of radio preaching to which hundreds of thousands of men and women are listening to, in all parts of the country, every Lord's Day.

Secondly: the order in which the sermons are printed is not to be regarded as an attempted or intended appraisement of their relative excellence or value by those who have had the work of com-

pilation in hand. The arrangement followed is simply alphabetical—by preachers' names.

Finally: a word of hearty appreciation must be accorded Mr. W. H. Wooster, to whose extensive knowledge of country-wide broadcasting we are indebted for the representative character of the preachers asked to contribute to this volume.

P. I. R.

New York, N. Y.

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I

GOD'S THORNS

By

BERNARD C. CLAUSEN, D. D.

Pastor, First Baptist Church, Syracuse, N. Y.

BROADCAST FROM STATION WFAB

BERNARD C. CLAUSEN *is a graduate of Colgate University (A. B. and M. A. 1915), and of Union Theological Seminary (1918). During the World War he served as Chaplain, United States Navy (1917-19), aboard U. S. S. North Carolina. In 1919, he was called to the pastorate of First Baptist Church, Hamilton, N. Y., and in the following year to that of First Baptist Church, Syracuse, N. Y. In 1922, Syracuse University conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.*

Dr. Clausen is a man of the morning. That he will go far before set of sun, is about as permissible a prediction as may be made in this uncertain world. Young, alert, possessed by a contagious enthusiasm, he appears to be destined to attain as high a distinction and as large a measure of usefulness as any man in the Communion to which he belongs. Meanwhile, his unusual ability and abundant energy find fitting outlet in the discharge of the manifold duties associated with the great church to which he so faithfully and successfully ministers.

"FRIENDS BY RADIO"

THERE were suspicious-looking wires looped up over the inner stairway as we entered the hall. It was my day for church calls, and this was a new home to me. The wires seemed to penetrate the hall-ceiling and lead into upper chambers.

"Looks like a radio," I said.

"It is," said the mother of the household, as she invited me in. "It's John's. He's just twelve. His room is right overhead and the wires you see lead to his instrument up there."

"Does he get good results?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," answered the mother, "we hear you often on Sunday nights, at 9:30."

So there I was, right at home with a family which hitherto I had never met personally—friends by radio! And what time that family in my own city were listening to our message, a Baptist church in Bryant, Texas, was reproducing the Syracuse service by loud-speaking magnavox; a club-room in San Francisco was filled with men who heard every word; our own chapel-room was crowded with members of our evening congregation, who stayed on after the regular service in order to hear another sermon from a near-by station where I broadcast; the firemen on lonely vigil in our city fire-houses were putting by their playing-cards and books and reverently taking off their caps, were bowing as words of prayer came to them out of the cornucopia of their instruments, and some wan, lonely invalids were clasping headphones to their ears with trembling fingers while Boy Scouts from our church troop were tuning in so that the "shut-ins" could hear their first sermon in years.

Everywhere I go, I meet people who know me and accept me and welcome my message because they have met me by radio. And when strangers come within a hundred miles of Syracuse on their travels, they recall that they have listened to us on Sunday nights back home, our church looms up on the horizons of their memories, and they hurry to see us in action. The winged beauty of the old Gospel has lured them to a shrine for their own good.

—BERNARD C. CLAUSEN.

I

GOD'S THORNS

"Hast not thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land."—JOB 1 : 10.

IF only the Bible always agreed with itself, we could follow it so much more clearly. But it does not. And when contrary ideas about the same thing are expressed on the pages of the Book, those of us who love it best are the most troubled. We pause in bewilderment. Both these contrary things cannot be correct. Yet both of them are in the Bible. And we believe the Bible is true. Is there any way out of our dilemma?

The only reasonable path I can suggest is this: When you find two men in the Bible disagreeing about an idea, follow the thought expressed by the better man—just as you do in life. Wise men and fools, wicked men and good, old men and young, speak through the words of the Sacred Book. The truth is there. It shows itself against a background of error. It is folly to say, "This statement is true, because it is in the Bible." I can take you to a Bible verse which boldly says, "There is no God"!

If you recoil in horror and demand the reference, I can give you chapter and verse. Of course, a fool said it! And when what a fool said about there being "no God" is balanced against what the Apostle John said—"God is love"—I, for my part, follow John, not because his statement is in the Bible, for the contrary statement is in the Bible too, but because it came from the lips of John, and I have come to trust in John.

But the situation is much more complicated, however, when we face two contrary statements from the same man, recorded in the Bible. Yet our duty is similarly clear, if we think the thing through. We must follow as wisdom, the judgment of a man's better moments, as over against his worse. We know how important such considerations are in our own lives. We have learned how often we are betrayed into unwise decisions marked by pessimism and cowardice because we are caught in a slump of the spirit. And we can detect similar experiences in Bible people. Even Jesus apparently revoked all His magnificent revelation about a loving Father, when that hoarse cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" was wrung from His parched lips. But we who know Jesus do not discard the lovely sentences of His faith-filled paragraphs. On the contrary we dismiss the dying desperation as the symptom of an approach to an unspeakable breaking point. And we choose to build our lives, not on His

frantic cry of agony, but rather on His sturdy courage, His matchless prayers, His glorious farewell, on such words as "It is finished," "I have overcome the world"!

So we may adopt this rule: When forced to choose between two conflicting statements in the Bible from two men, it is safe to follow the judgment of the better man. If two opinions are expressed by the same man which seem to disagree, follow him at his best, rather than at his worst.

Take this figure of thorns, for instance. It is one of the prevailing similes in Bible literature. Pains, annoyances, hindrances, limitations, are constantly referred to under the guise of thorns. They are God's brambles. But to this symbol of reality, different men react in different ways. Some men writhe with bitterness at the thought of pain. Anguish seems to them to be the unreasonable whim of an inscrutable monarch, and the disappointments of mankind mere tricks of a cruel fate toward which the finest human gesture is nothing more than a resigned but sullen courage.

On the other hand, there are men who speak of God's thorns as the ultimate expression of His kindness. They regard them as the wise provision of a thoughtful Father. They are devised for man's good. They represent the climax of Divine consideration. Through them, God shows His kindest love.

These men, as wide apart as the poles in their

expression, are speaking, mind you, in the same Book, about the same experiences, and coming from the same God. Which point of view are we to accept? What, in the Bible, are we to believe? If our rule holds good, we are to find the best men and accept their judgment as over against the lesser men. Suppose we discover that the real achievers, the great spirits, the true men, accept God's discipline as a part of His kindness,—we are then justified in tending toward their view. Especially when we discover that the coward hearts, the mean souls, the dwarf-like personalities are those responsible for the loudly-shouted complaints.

And when we discover, moreover, that any given man, who alternately raves and praises, does his raving in the shadows of his worst cowardice, while his praises come from the mountain heights of his courageous experience, we need no outside counsel to enable us to choose wisely. To be sure we have no way of guaranteeing that we shall always be able to see the exact truth clearly. But, in ourselves, we can distinguish our best moments from our worst, and know that we are nearer the truth in our best. Let us, then, grant the same privileges to our spiritual guides. So, when we find a man in the Book of Job railing against God under the attacks of terrible pain, we can forgive and forget the words. But when Job shouts above his adversaries, "Though He slay me, yet will I

trust Him!" we can say, "There is a man uttering a brave, true thing. This is the truth."

Follow these implications from the Bible message into the experiences of life, and you will be blessed with an abiding sense of the kindness of God, even in His thorns. He *does* put a hedge of brambles about your life. You may fuss and fume at the intolerable limitations on your will. Or you may realize that the hedge was placed there with your best interests in mind. It may have been designed not to keep you in but to keep intruders out. You may break through the hedge if you will. It is no blank wall of impenetrable rock. It is made of yielding bushes. But you cannot break through without tearing your flesh on the thorns and knowing the meaning of pain. Once through, you may realize, too late, that you have forfeited the protection of the brambles only to be exposed to the onslaughts of your foes.

Surely you have had a chance to learn, with what thoughtful kindness God hedges in your life. You decide to do a shameful thing. You lay your careful plans. You devise ways of avoiding detection. Suddenly the whole world seems to be conspiring to warn you. You are unexpectedly recognized. A Bible-verse or an old hymn-stanza comes unbidden to your mind. An unexpected circumstance sets you thinking of those whom you are about to harm. A headline in a newspaper flashes before you, telling you of a

similar deed ruining another man. You silently fret and protest. Why must you be thus annoyed? Why cannot you be left free to choose? Why must these circumstances pen you in? Away with these thorny brambles!

Ah, these are the warnings of a gracious God. They are His only way of speaking to you in order that you will understand in time. Some day, you will look back and be profoundly grateful that He did not let you hurry, unwarned, into the ignominy of your sin.

One of the problems that perplexed my mind in boyhood days was the search for an explanation of a strange device which I observed hanging at intervals over the railway tracks in the vicinity of my home. I noticed along the road-bed, spaced irregularly, festoons of sharp lashes, hung low enough so that trainmen, riding the tops of freight cars, would be slashed and cut across the face. It seemed to me that these instruments of torture simply added one more inconvenience to the already hazardous business of railroading. One day I asked my father about them. Then he showed me that those lashes were hung on either side of low crossing-bridges, which were built over the tracks. He showed me, too, that trainmen would be crushed to death if they were standing on the roof of the cars when they rolled under these bridges. And he showed me that the lashes were placed several hundred feet away from the

bridge as warnings. A busy brakeman, hurrying hither and yon, would feel the sharp cut of those hanging whips and would fling himself down flat on the roof of the car, where he would be safe.

Then I thought, "Suppose a brakeman, feeling the sting of the lash, grumbled morosely at the inflicted pain? Suppose he looked up and swore?" Before the hot words had left his lips, he would have been swept down to death. The only reasonable thing to do, when he felt the lash, was to realize that it was put there for his own good, to crouch quickly, to bend his head low. And God has His lashes. I think they are kindly warnings. And I do not stop to curse them!

R. U. R. is a fantastic modern play which narrates the quantity manufacture of mechanical men called "Robots," who were to do the hard work of the world. Obviously these automatons would suffer no pain. But the inventor is dismayed to find that without sensibility to pain, these "Robots" were also unconscious of danger. They would walk undismayed into fire and be painlessly destroyed, stumble unconcerned under the wheels of crushing vehicles, and innocently court self-destruction in general. So he had to fit them with a new instrument for detecting pain, in order to save them from unthinking disaster, before they would be of any use in the world.

When I was a child and thought as a child,
I wondered about the rain;

It spoiled all my fun and kept me indoors
Till the sun came out again.
They told me then that we needed the rain
For summer's blossom and autumn's grain.

I am still a child, though the years are gone,
And I wonder about the pain,
And the heartbreak and sorrow that fill our lives,
Till God sends His peace again.
I think perhaps that we need the pain,
For character's blossom and soul's good grain.

In a public square in Enterprise, Alabama, stands a fountain, surmounted by a monument. It bears this unique inscription:

In profound appreciation of the
Boll Weevil
And what it has done as the herald of
Prosperity
This monument is erected
by the
Citizens of Enterprise
Coffee County
Alabama

The meaning of this inscription is plain. The boll weevil was the greatest scourge which ever swept over the cotton-fields of the South. But the people are beginning to realize that they would have been still enslaved to the one-crop system of starving soil and constantly decreasing yields,

through successive cotton-planting year after year, had it not been for a cotton plague, which "stabbed them wide awake" by its sudden disaster, and made them plant other crops. The present prosperity of the South, with real justice, may be attributed to the hard discipline of the boll weevil.

As the late A. B. Simpson used to say, "'Disappointment' is often 'His-appointment.'"

I have watched an eagle fluttering over her nest. I have watched her charge down, with what seemed to be brutal harshness, upon her waiting brood below. I have heard the eaglets protest as she stirred up the nest, and ruthlessly forced them out upon the crag. I have shared their terror as she rudely pushed them off into the air, to try their tiny wings. I have wondered whether there was no kinder way to make eaglets learn to fly? Then I have watched her soar beneath them, gathering on her own broad back and wings the tired birdies that could not keep up. And I have surmised that she was right after all. Not brutal, but right. For she wanted her eaglets to learn to fly. And she was ready to *make* them fly, though they were terror-stricken at the prospect.

Was the trial sore?
Temptation sharp? Thank God a second time!
Why comes temptation but for man to meet
And master, and make crouch beneath his feet,
And so be pedestaled in triumph?

II

"THE MIGHTY HOPES THAT MAKE US MEN"

By

HENRY H. FORSYTH, D. D., LL. D.

Pastor, Kingshighway Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, Mo.

BROADCAST FROM STATION WMAY

HENRY H. FORSYTH *was born at Sewickley (a suburb of Pittsburgh), Pennsylvania, June 14, 1877. He is of Scotch-Irish stock, and was educated in the public schools of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh Central High School, University of Pittsburgh, Princeton Theological Seminary and New College, Edinburgh. While studying abroad, he travelled extensively on the continent of Europe, in Palestine and Northern Egypt. In 1903, he became pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Ben Avon, a suburb of Pittsburgh. During his pastorate every department of the church-life greatly prospered. A new church building was erected and the membership increased from one hundred to more than six hundred. Dr. Forsyth's degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by Westminster College, Fulton, Mo.*

In his present pastorate (that of Kingshighway Church, St. Louis, Mo.), Dr. Forsyth is held in highest esteem. His church is well organized—organization being one of his special gifts. He is scholarly, studious, and possessed of a clear, alert mind. While not numbering himself among the ultra-conservatives, he is absolutely orthodox. He is a beloved and respected pastor, a lover of children, a cultivated gentleman, an excellent presbyter and a man who preaches well, fifty-two Sundays in the year.

A POINT OF CONTACT BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND THE MASSES

RADIOPHONE station WMAY is owned and operated by Kingshighway Presbyterian Church in St. Louis. It was built by a group of young men in the church who are interested in radio development and electrical engineering. The undertaking was worth while for the reason, if for none other, that it gave these young men something to do for their church.

Its paramount value, however, has been in solving to some degree the great problem, which confronts every church, of making a point of contact between the church and the masses who are without spiritual influences. I have read every one of the thousands of letters of appreciation received from those who have listened-in to our church services. Some of the writers have been shamed into a realization of their failure to help in the burden of uplifting humanity; some have been surprised to learn that the preacher is actually dealing with life and its problems as they challenge the modern man; the blind and sick and maimed have heard sermons for the first time in years, and we know of some actual conversions from avowed atheism.

The general spirit of these letters and of those with whom we talk, has been one of gratitude to the church for providing so many with this new opportunity to hear the Gospel. Scores of strangers, members of our "invisible congregation," visit our services each week. Their interest is often more than transient.

We feel that radio is like moving pictures and almost every other modern institution. The Church can use them, but it cannot compete with commercial organizations in the use of them. If she will use the radio for distinctly religious purposes it will find a unique field. Here, at Kingshighway, we have dedicated our station to the service of God and we are trying to keep it as sacred as the pulpit itself. The ministers and members of the congregation are unanimous in the opinion that it has wonderfully broadened the ministry of the church, and it is now a permanent part of our program.

—HENRY H. FORSYTH.

II

"THE MIGHTY HOPES THAT MAKE US MEN"

"For we are saved by hope."—ROMANS 8:24.

ORDINARILY we think of St. Paul as the great Apostle of faith. If we were asked to summarize his interpretation of Christianity we should say: "Faith in Jesus Christ." And if we were asked to describe the heart of his preaching we should say: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." His experience had been such that faith had come to count more largely with him than anything else, and quite regularly he placed a tremendous importance upon it.

And so we are somewhat surprised when our attention is drawn to such a word as that which we find in our text. For no matter how we read it, "by hope" or "in hope" or even "for hope," it seems to give a larger place to the function of hope than we think of the Apostle's doing. Indeed it would appear to run almost directly counter to what we believe to be the trend of his teaching.

But one of our greatest commentators upon the Epistle, from which the text is taken, has suggested that this seeming contradiction is dissolved if we remember one fact. When Paul was looking backward and thinking of his salvation, when he was thinking of the relation of salvation to the

past, regularly he spoke of faith as the instrument through which it had been accomplished. "By faith were ye saved." But when he was looking forward and thinking of salvation as something to be accomplished in the future, then he thought of hope as the instrument by which it was brought about. "By hope are ye saved."

And the more we think of it the more we shall be impressed with this thought. The power of hope is unquestionable. Every great thinker has dwelt upon it. St. John declared, "And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." And in that word he has gathered up the thought of all men. "He who doubts is lost." But he who hopes on, in spite of disaster and defeat, is bound to conquer.

And as I have thought about this my mind has been thrown back to one of the great stanzas of *In Memoriam*. The poet is declaring his love for Arthur Hallam and the sense of his loss in the removal of this friend, but at the same time he is asserting his refusal to yield to weakness and prolonged grief. He counts it a crime to mourn overmuch. Indeed, an image has comforted his mind and in his grief his strength revived and then he sang:

My pulses therefore beat again
For other friends that once I met,
Nor can it suit me to forget
The mighty hopes that make us men.

What words are these! "The mighty hopes that make us men." Is not the poet's thought equivalent to the thought of the Apostle in our text? The one, writing to a little group of Christian believers in the first century of the Christian era, in the words of our text stated a general truth; the other, writing about the despair that for a while threatened to engulf him, is more specific, and suggests that there are hopes that inspire us to do our best and to acquit ourselves as men.

And how very true this is! Were we able to pry into the secrets that have enabled men to rise superior to their lower selves, to turn defeat into victory and to realize their highest manhood, we should see that, regularly, it was some mighty hope. Because in the future they saw their star rising, because they were animated by the prospect that they believed pointed to the fruition of their long cherished desires, they found themselves strong and able for all things.

And because all this is so, I want to think of the subject as the poet suggests it and to try to answer the question—what are the mighty hopes that make us men? And I believe we shall find that these are ordinarily three.

And the first of them is, the hope of being able to do something for the world, the hope of being able to lift it up and to make it a better and happier place in which to live.

A new emphasis has in our day been placed

upon the idea of service. Ever since the time of Christ the world has had a new conception of service. From being a degrading thing Christ transformed it into an ennobling thing. From being a mark of shame, Christ made it a mark of honour. But still, in general, men did not enter into this idea until comparatively recently. The occasional man may have seen the greatness of our Lord's thought but not the mass of men. For them it was too high.

But now a change has taken place. Almost under our eyes it would seem that a fresh evaluation of service has been made. Men, in great numbers, who hitherto have spent their lives in the pursuit of selfish interests have come to see the vanity and the futility of the selfish life, and with a unanimity that is surprising they are declaring that the only worth-while life is one of service. We have seen our rich men, our wealthy men, finding a new use to which to put their riches. We have seen our able men finding a new use to which to put their talents. On every side, we see men stretching out helping hands to their fellows.

And when we think of it, is not this an inspiring thought? The men whom we delight to honour are the men who have done something for the world. They forgot themselves. They lost themselves in doing for others and the world acclaims them great; it crowns them with an immortality that cannot be questioned. In the firmament of

its life it installs them as the stars that shall shine forever.

And it is possible for us to be of them. Of course we doubt this. When the thought is suggested to us we are always ready to protest the limitations of our powers or of our opportunities. We have come to feel that only the few can do the great things, and the hope of our being able to do aught hardly enters our minds.

But when I think of this, two facts regularly present themselves to my mind: On the one hand the men who have done most for the world have not, as a rule, been the signally talented men, nor the men who have had the greatest opportunities. Indeed, it would seem as though they had been quite the reverse. When we think of them their lack of promise always suggests itself. From the fishermen of Galilee down to our own day this is to be seen. And what does it suggest if not that? Again, God has chosen the weak and the foolish and the mean things to confound the mighty and the wise and the noble. For the fact is undeniable that greatness of service has been quite regularly in inverse proportion to greatness of ability.

And then on the other hand we can never tell how far our influence may go or how much good our efforts may do. Longfellow has illustrated this in his little poem, *The Arrow and the Song.*

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;

For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

And isn't it true? How regularly the great servants of humanity have done their work without ever dreaming of how far-reaching the consequences of it would be.

Paul wrote the Epistles that the Church has come to recognize as part and parcel of its sacred Scriptures as occasional letters to churches and individuals. Henry Drummond published his *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* to help establish the faith of those who were doubting, and when word was brought to him in Africa whither he had gone, of the unprecedented success of his book none could have been more surprised. Walter Rauschenbusch wrote *Christianity and the Social Crisis* and then went to Europe, and when he heard of the tremendous sale that it had had, he was almost dumbfounded.

The fact is we cannot tell how much any efforts we make may accomplish. The influence of a

mother upon her child may reach to the ends of the earth. The influence of a teacher upon the pupil may linger down through the ages. The influence of any man upon his brother may never end.

And when we think of this does it not suggest one of the mighty hopes that make us men? To change the world in some little particular, or to feel that we are the means of making men and women happier and better, what hope can do more to thrill and to inspire? If Thomas Jefferson's selection of an epitaph for his tombstone,

> "Author of the Declaration of Independence,
> The Bill to establish Religious Liberty in Virginia,
> Founder of the University of Virginia"

is any index of what in the consciousness of men gives them most satisfaction, then there can be few if any hopes more potent to call forth the best that is in us than the hope of making the world better. And this is possible for us all, no matter what may be our station in life.

Then, in the second place, there is the hope of becoming something ourselves, of making something out of ourselves.

Next to service the world places character. Given a man who does something, it asks that he be something. It asks that he be honourable, truthful, reliable, kind and merciful. It may not place the accent upon character that it does upon service, but because of the fundamentalness of character

in all the activities of life, it always puts a great emphasis upon it.

And every man who thinks about himself and takes himself seriously aspires to be something. He has a conscience and he longs for the approval of that conscience. Of course at times he may smother its voice but when he comes to himself he longs for "that peace which is above all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience."

If we doubt this, we have only to look at earth's smoking altars or to think of the penitential systems that have been elaborated, or to study the struggles and the battles that have been fought to attain this.

And as long as men could hope to attain it they were strong. As long as they could think that there was a prospect of attaining it they could acquit themselves like men. They could press on toward the goal because that goal glimmered in the distance.

And this is possible for us all. Of course "our striving may at times seem to be losing." Of course our experience has often been that the good that we would we did not, and the evil that we would not, that we did.

But fundamental to our faith is the infinite capacity of every man. Christ left no doubt of His belief in the potentialities of us all. All were sons of God. A man was worth more than many sheep. For even the lowest, Christ must lay down

His life. And Paul took up the same idea. He declared that God would have all to be saved—that Christ died for the world.

And if this seem high doctrine we have only to think of how regularly the greatest men have sprung out of the unlikeliest soil. There were Luther and Calvin and Knox; there were Livingstone and Stanley and Paton; there were Franklin and Lincoln and Garfield. But the list is too long to enumerate. The stars are too many to count. Everywhere we look, we see them.

And we cannot doubt that the same high attainment is possible for us all. To doubt it is not only to question the evidence of history but the power of Christ. For what He has done with men in all ages He can do in us. Indeed there is truth in the saying that the world has never seen all that Christ can make out of any man. His powers have never been exhausted; they have never been tested to the full.

And does not such a hope fire us to press onward? To feel that somehow out of these poor selves a higher and better self can be evolved, to feel that it is possible for us to "rise on our dead selves as stepping stones to higher things"—such a hope may well steady us and become a power within us to move us onward and upward to do our best.

And this leads us to the third mighty hope that makes us men, and that is the hope of con-

tinuing to be when our present existence has come to an end.

This life is a very little thing. When as children we look forward on life it seemed like eternity but as we have grown older it has shrivelled and come to seem like a handbreadth, or a shepherd's tent removed, or water spilt upon the ground. Indeed, the words of Jacob often come back to us. "Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage." And if this were all to be said, indeed would it be so. In fact, whenever this has been the attitude of men toward life they have been driven in one of two directions. Either they have adopted the Epicurean motto, "Let us eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow we die," and have given themselves to a round of gaiety and merrymaking, or else like George Eliot after the loss of her faith—when the best that she could aspire to was to "join the choir invisible" and attain a corporate immortality—they have become permanently saddened. The joy and light of their life have gone out.

But what a different idea Christianity has to give us! "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you," said Jesus. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," said Paul.

And these great affirmations have become the hope of men. Of course we may sigh, "Oh, that it were possible for one short hour to see the ones we love, that they may tell us what and where they be." We may earnestly search after some contact or connection with the other world, we may earnestly seek for some demonstration of immortality, and possibly at some time the world may have it.

But, until then, we can live in hope. That ineradicable instinct for the continuation of life after death which is to be found in all, the incompleteness of life without any future, the moral constitution of the universe requiring some equalization and readjustment, and, most of all God, point to a life beyond and make it not merely possible but almost necessary for man to believe in it.

And does it not become, once it has taken its place in our souls, one of the mighty hopes that make us men? Where is the man who can wallow in the mire while he thinks he was not made to die? Where is the man whose whole outlook upon life and attitude toward the world is not changed once he comes to believe in immortality? This is the thought of Sir Oliver Lodge when he writes, "Let men come to realize that they are to live with themselves through eternity and they will try to make themselves worthy." And this is the thought of Dr. Alexander MacCall when he writes, "The question is not, is there a future life, or

what sort of a life will it be, but is there anything in my life that is worth a future, anything which an infinite God who has the business of the universe on His hands can reasonably be expected to continue throughout eternity?"

Let us come to have this hope, and in so far as it takes possession of our souls, we shall become men.

Here then are the mighty hopes by which we can be saved. Let us lay hold of them and we shall be lifted, we shall be transformed, we shall be made new creatures in Christ Jesus the Lord.

III

SPECULATIVE DISCUSSIONS versus PRACTICAL RESPONSIBILITIES

By
JAMES GORDON GILKEY, M. A.
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BROADCAST FROM STATION WBZ

JAMES GORDON GILKEY *has been pastor of South Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass., since 1917. Mr. Gilkey is a native of Watertown, in the same state, at which place he was born thirty-five years ago. He is a B. A. and an M. A. (Harvard), a B. D. (Union Theological Seminary, New York), has studied at the universities of Berlin and Marburg, and was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry in 1916. Mr. Gilkey is one of the most popular preachers in New England, and has made his church the centre of a many-sided program of institutional work. The pastor of South Church believes in utilizing all legitimate and helpful agencies for the advancement of the work of the Kingdom, and has his face set resolutely toward a continually expanding ministry. In addition to the manifold activities of his pastorate, Mr. Gilkey adds those contingent on acting as a member of the Board of Trustees, International Y. M. C. A. College, Springfield, Mass., and as professor of Biblical literature in Amherst College.*

"HELPED ME BACK TO GOD"

THE extracts given below are from letters which, among scores of others, were received at our church office during the week following a given Sunday, on which the morning sermon was broadcast. They speak for themselves, I think, of the benefits of radio preaching.

From Lenox, Massachusetts—

I greatly enjoyed the service at your church this morning which I heard over the radio. The singing and music were beautiful, and the sermon very helpful.

From Northampton, Massachusetts—

I am deaf and seldom go out, since a fall a year ago. I especially enjoyed the service this morning. It seemed to be meant for the radio listeners.

From Springfield, Vermont—

Just before starting for my Sunday school I tuned in on Dad's radio and listened to your sermon, which came in fine. I enjoyed it very much and trust I shall have the pleasure of hearing you again.

From Plainville, Connecticut—

My wife has been confined to her room for a number of weeks by neuritis, and for her entertainment and comfort we have run a wire from our radio set to her room so that she can listen-in. Yesterday we listened with pleasure and profit to your sermon.

From New Britain, Connecticut—

My husband and I listened-in to your delightful service this morning and words fail me in expressing our gratitude.

From Westfield, Massachusetts—

I have been prevented from attending church by rheumatism. Your sermon was greatly enjoyed by me and my friend, and we were both greatly helped by it. I was converted when a boy, but many times through life I have drifted away. Your sermon this morning helped to bring me back to God.

—JAMES GORDON GILKEY.

III

SPECULATIVE DISCUSSIONS

VERSUS

PRACTICAL RESPONSIBILITIES

"And one said to him, Lord, are they few that are saved?—And he said unto them, Strive to enter in by the narrow door."—LUKE 13:23, 24.

HERE was a typical speculative question. How many people will be saved in the next world? A great many, or only a few? Of course that question had a certain interest, particularly for people with a theoretical turn of mind. It had a certain importance, provided every one could agree on the answer. But notice Jesus' attitude. He evaded the discussion. He knew that such debates usually have at least one disastrous effect. They divert attention from the more important to the less important things. They get people off the highroad of action on to the by-paths of talk. And what did Jesus do? He deliberately turned the conversation from a theoretical to a practical subject. "Are only a few people to be saved?" Jesus answered: "All of you try to get in through the narrow door." "There is the straight road of duty, clear before you," He said, in effect, "There is the narrow door of self-mastery and self-sacrifice, in plain sight

ahead. Follow that straight road. Try to get in through that narrow door. Let the speculative discussions wait." Here are the practical responsibilities that must be met at once. Woe to the people who neglect them, even in the interests of speculative theology!

Time and again the Church has needed to hear this sobering advice. In the eleventh century, for instance, the mediæval theologians fell into a controversy about a most abstruse question. Assuming that there were three distinct Persons in the Trinity, why did each one do exactly what He did? Why had the Son, rather than the Father or the Holy Spirit, become incarnate? Anselm's answer was typical: "If the Holy Spirit rather than the Son had become incarnate, there would have been two Sons in the Trinity—the Son before the Incarnation, and the Son by the Incarnation. And if the Father rather than the Son had become incarnate, there would have been two grandsons in the Trinity. For the Father, by assuming humanity, would have become the grandson of the parents of the Virgin Mary. And the Son, though having nothing to do with man, would have been the grandson of the Virgin Mary, for He would have been the Son of her Son, the Father." How such men needed Jesus' recall to reality!

In our own day another series of speculative questions is absorbing a great deal of the Church's attention. What were the precise circumstances of

Jesus' birth? What was the exact nature of His resurrection? What will the next world be like? When will this world come to an end, and just what will happen when it does? Surely all of us realize that these are speculative questions. From the very nature of the case they cannot be anything else. A man with one type of mind answers them in one way, and a man with another type of mind answers them in another. There is no possibility of reaching a verifiable or a universally-accepted conclusion. How we need Jesus' recall to reality! For now, as in the first century and the eleventh, the danger is that our speculative discussions will make us miss our practical responsibilities.

Any one who studies the modern Church and understands the crisis through which it is passing will readily discern some of these major responsibilities. Their evident importance makes the debate between modernist and conservative shrivel into sudden insignificance. Woe to us and our Church if, in our zeal for speculative discussion, we miss the momentous tasks God has laid directly before us! I propose to consider three of these practical responsibilities of the American Church.

The first is this: The Church must win a new hold on the young people of the community. Last month one of the young business men of this city happened to be listening to one of our services over the radio. Some days afterward he made this interesting comment: " We tuned in on your church

last Sunday, with the radio attached to the victrola so that the children too could hear everything. They stood there in front of the machine listening to your children's talk, and then they tried to sing when the other youngsters did. Then my wife and I heard your entire sermon. When you finished, my wife said: 'That certainly hits us. We've lived here for eight years, we've criticized the Church right and left, and we've never stepped inside any one of the Springfield churches. I think we'd better keep still after this, or else start going to church and see what the churches are really doing.'"

That home is typical of thousands of homes in the American cities of to-day. Scores of young parents, men and women of the intelligent type too, have literally nothing to do with organized Christianity. They may experiment with a religious service on some state occasion such as Christmas or Easter. They may tune in on some distant church to relieve the tedium of the average Sunday morning. But for all practical purposes the Church of Christ has literally no place in their scheme of life.

In 1922 there were some forty-one thousand adult Protestants in our city. Only fifteen thousand of them had any active connection with any of our Protestant churches. Of these less than ten thousand came to church with any regularity. For every Protestant adult in Springfield who at-

tends religious services faithfully, there are three who go to church seldom or never. No wonder that George Bernard Shaw concluded that "there are in every generation, our own included, a few passionately religious people, and a still smaller number of actively irreligious people. Between these extremes comes the great mass of the population—healthy Philistines, who eat, drink, and keep merry, men and women whose life is a matter of finding attractive mates, making money, and having a good time." That is the situation in the average American city of to-day.

The difficulties involved in this situation do not stop with the present generation. What about the children growing to maturity in these unchurched homes? The picture of two young parents listening to a church service over the radio, and then confessing they had never visited a local church, is bad enough. The picture of their children, standing in front of a victrola and trying to sing with the children of a strange, invisible Sunday school, is even worse. But this again is no unfamiliar situation. The Church to-day is reaching through its Sunday schools a dwindling minority of the Protestant children of the community. We may as well admit the fact frankly. In 1922 there were some twenty thousand Protestant children in this city. Our forty-one Protestant Sunday schools combined enrolled only about seven thousand of them, and the average Sunday attendance,

in all the Sunday schools of the city put together, was only a little over four thousand.

It is an actual fact that we are reaching at present only about one Protestant child in five in this city. The drift of young parents away from the church is bad enough; the drift of their children away from church and Sunday school is even more alarming. The statisticians who worked out these figures announced that Springfield as a whole had grown one hundred and seventeen per cent. since 1900. But during that period the Protestant churches had grown only sixty-four per cent. and the Protestant Sunday schools only thirty-seven per cent. Why do we mention such disconcerting facts? To show the momentous practical responsibility God has laid before the modern Church. Woe to us and our Christianity if we waste our meagre energy on speculative discussions and internal feuds! We have more important business in hand. Winning a new hold on young people, and their children after them.

How can we do it? Here is a task so great and so baffling that it demands the utmost ingenuity and the utmost consecration of us all. No single church can handle this situation. No one group within the Church can solve this problem. These young people outside the Church represent every conceivable variety of temperament, and they must be appealed to in a great variety of ways. Some of them can be interested in the Church through a

program of practical community service. If some church in their city begins to organize a health program, a recreational program, a program for the immigrants who are trying to find their place in American life, these practical-minded young people will begin to gain a new respect for the Church and a new interest in it. Other young people, of a very different type, must be reached in a very different way. Their ultimate problem is moral and personal, and they need to hear in convincing language the message the Church has always brought to sin-sick souls: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be whiter than snow. Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

In the case of other young people outside the Church the problem is the difficult one of breaking through a shell of cheap materialism and crude indifference. No one of us has yet found the solution of that problem! Do you remember Dean Sperry's picture of such Americans? "The man whose idea of human happiness is to see a high-priced baseball player knock a home run into the right field bleachers is naturally out of touch with all the finer values for which the Church stands. The boy who knows more about the life history of Mutt and Jeff than about the life history of Jesus naturally finds the Bible dry reading. The women who devour the social gossip of the Sunday paper with scrupulous devotion, but who never heard of Mary and Martha, naturally feel there is little use

in going to church. The young people whose main passion in life is to keep abreast of the musical comedies and go the pace in modern dances, naturally find the hymns of the Church a bit slow after the syncopations of a jazz band." But these people are our problem. Oh, fellow-Christians, let us drop the speculative discussions that are wasting our energy and making the Church a byword among its enemies! Let us realize that the task before us demands whatever abilities any and all of us possess! It is a narrow door that leads to the finer Church and the more Christlike America of to-morrow. It will take all the skill and strength we all have to get through it.

Here is our second practical responsibility: We must give the people inside the Church more real help for daily living. When George Eliot was in her teens she chanced to read a sceptical book which entirely unsettled her childhood faith. There was no one at hand to help answer her new questions and point the way to a new faith, and the result was that she remained a confirmed doubter all the way through life. The late F. W. H. Myers gives this memorable picture of her. "I remember walking with her once in the Fellows' Garden of Trinity College, Cambridge, on a rainy May evening. She was stirred beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words God, Immortality, Duty, she began to say with terrible earnestness how inconceivable was God, how un-

believable was Immortality, and how peremptory and absolute was Duty. I listened, as the darkness deepened about us. Her grave, majestic countenance turned toward me like a Sybil's in the gloom. It was as though she withdrew from my grasp one after the other the two scrolls of promise —God and Immortality—and left me with only the third scroll, Duty, awful with its inevitable fate."

That is the predicament of scores of people within our churches to-day. The scientific advances of the past century, to which our religious thought is not yet completely adapted, have raised in their minds profound questions which they find it almost impossible to answer. When the universe is so vast—measured in terms not of miles, but of light-years—how can there be a God who is interested in individuals? When hideous social catastrophes like the Great War drag down into undeserved ruin the orphans of the Near East, the peasantry of Belgium, the intellectual classes of all Germany, how can there be Love and Purpose at the heart of things? When the body and the brain seem so inextricably bound together, how can there be a survival of consciousness and personality after the body has broken down in death? Here are the new questions baffling the men and women of our time. These church-members believe heartily in Duty, as George Eliot did. But the two scrolls of promise—God and Immortality—have been

taken from their bewildered hands. Happy in their uncertainty? Relieved by these new doubts? Oh, no!

She made a little shadow-hidden grave
The day Faith died.
Therein she laid it, heard the clod's sick fall,
And smiled aside:
"Now glad," she said, "and free at last I go . . .
And life is wide!"
But through long nights she stared into the dark,
And knew she lied.

Even more appealing is the search of our generation for new sources of spiritual power. Our machine-driven civilization has put a new tension on human life. People are trying to find the secrets of poise, steadiness, resilience, to find them anywhere. Business and professional careers make heavier and heavier demands upon young men and women. They realize they must discover new sources of inner energy, self-confidence, tireless endurance. And meantime the pain brought by disappointment and defeat grows no easier to bear. The old mystery of suffering grows no less baffling. Where can men learn how to live—live happily, creatively, triumphantly? Who will tell them how to utilize all the latent powers of their own personality, draw upon the secret energies of the universe, rise victoriously above the tussle with disaster, finish life and meet death unafraid? Here is the unsatisfied longing of the people who

come to church week after week. They want to find a "very present help in time of trouble." They want to learn the technique of triumphant living. Discussion of the difference between the denominations? Debates about doctrine? Exhibitions of Biblical scholarship? These people want bread, and such sermons offer a stone.

And now what do we see happening all about us? New cults are appearing, cults that promise baffled and defeated men and women the practical, tangible help they need for the battle of life. Where do these new cults find their members? By and large within our churches, or within the great throng of people who once attended our churches and finally drifted away because they derived little real benefit from us. Some of these new cults proclaim a message of profound truth, and bring enormous help to needy folk. Some of them teach sheer nonsense, and prey upon the stupidity of gullible adherents. But here is the eagerness of our generation to find help for life's problem, find it somewhere, anywhere. Here is the responsibility God puts upon us to-day—the responsibility of bringing to our puzzled, exhausted, often-deluded generation the unsearchable riches of Christ. Woe to us if we waste our strength on speculative discussions and internal friction! We have more important business in hand. Giving the people within our churches real help for daily living.

How can we do it? Here again the task is so

great and so baffling that it demands the wisdom and the experience and the devotion of us all. There are some people whose religious questions must be answered in one way, and other people whose questions must be answered in another. No one church can meet all these needs, no one type of mind can solve all these problems, no one creed can satisfy all these seekers after truth. Do you know this beautiful lyric by Karle Baker? She is contrasting two types of religious experience—one formal and conventional, the other utterly free:

Friend, you are grieved that I should go
Unhoused, unsheltered, gaunt, and free;
My cloak for armour, and for tent
The roadside tree.

And I? I know not how you bear
A roof between you and the blue . . .
Brother, the creed would stifle me
That shelters you.

Yet that same light that floods at dawn
Your cloistered room, your cryptic stair,
Wakes me too, sleeping by the hedge,
Calls me to prayer.

And the help that we try to bring to our generation must be equally varied, equally adjusted to the varieties of human temperament. People in church need strength for daily living? We can give it to some of them through a sermon that analyzes this problem, suggests ways of solving it,

and rouses their self-confidence by telling the story of other people who have met the same situation and mastered it. Other people get scant help from such a discourse. They crave the message of a great, unseen God who draws near them in the deathless promises of the Bible, or in the solemn ritual of a cathedral service. Still other people must find their source of spiritual renewal in an entirely different place. Did you ever read these words of Sidney Lanier?

I fled in tears from men's ungodly quarrel about God.
I fled in tears to the woods, and laid me down on the earth.
Then something like the beating of many hearts came up to me out of the ground. . . .
I looked, and my cheek lay close to a violet.
Then my heart took courage, and I said:
"I know that thou art the Word of God to me, dear violet,
And O the ladder is not long that to my heaven leads. . . .
Measure what space a violet stands above the ground,
'Tis no further that my soul must climb than that!"

Oh, fellow-Christians of all faiths, some of you listening here in this church and some of you listening in a hundred unseen cities and villages, let us drop our bitterness, our quarrels, our mutual recriminations! There is room for us all, whatever

our creed, whatever our experience, whatever our gifts, in the great Church of the universal Christ. We are trying to break the Bread of Life to a generation that needs it bitterly. The task is great enough for us all. Let the questions that divide us stand aside. Let us—all of us—give our best to the evident task God has put before us.

Here is one other practical responsibility God has put before us. In some ways it is the most important of all. The Church must break down the barriers of hatred and misunderstanding that now divide our unhappy world. One of the Settlement Houses of Pittsburgh has recently inaugurated an ingenious philanthropy—an annual Flower Day for the living rather than the dead. The Settlement has persuaded some of its friends to carry flowers and potted plants to the invalids and shut-ins of the tenement district, rather than pile those same flowers on some unheeding grave. Listen to the report one of these visitors made. She had taken a fine plant to an old lady in a rickety tenement in the Jewish section. "Mrs. Goldberg, hopelessly crippled by rheumatism, was overjoyed when I gave her the plant. 'Long shall you live,' she cried in her thin voice, 'and many Passovers shall you have!' She bowed and thanked me several times, and then insisted on putting my plant on an old table near the door. She explained she wanted the woman in the next room to enjoy it too. Both the old ladies had to use the same sink

and the same faucet out in the hall, and when the woman next door went to get a drink of water she was sure to pass that table near the door. If the precious plant were there, she could get a glimpse of it too."

Think of the barriers that surround Mrs. Goldberg and her neighbour. Race—they were hated Jews, and who wanted to have anything to do with them? Religion—that single word "Passover" put them on one side of a wall, and most Christians on the other. Poverty—what did the well-to-do people of the city know about the wretchedness of those rooms, and the plant standing on an old table by an open door? Social position—who in all Pittsburgh cared to make the acquaintance of a rheumatic old Jewess in a tenement? Here are the barriers that divide every great community the world over. Here are the walls that rise higher and higher each year, unless some one keeps them levelled down.

What does such a world need? It needs some institution that will ignore these differences, forget these barriers, break down these walls, and at last reunite human beings everywhere into the one great family of God. Here is work for the Church! Not to foment theological argument and rouse religious hatred. Rather to create tolerance, kindness, universal good-will. God forgive us for ever preaching a Christ of division. God forgive us for using Christianity to separate communities

instead of unite them. God help us all to understand and love the Christ in whom "there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free." After all, we can teach people to love as well as hate. Let the Church appeal to the best and not the worst in human nature. Kindness and friendship are there; let us do all we can to bring them out. Do you know the poem a British soldier wrote after he had watched some German prisoners marching through the streets of London?

When first I saw you in that curious street
Like some platoon of soldier-ghosts in gray,
My hateful impulse was to smite and slay,
Spit upon you, tread you under feet.
But when I saw your weary glances meet
My gaze with no defiant, hostile frown,
Your tired eyes show spirits broken down,
And every face the pale flag of defeat:
I knew that we had suffered as each other. . . .
I could have grasped your hand and cried,
"My brother!"

IV

CAN AN INTELLIGENT MAN BELIEVE IN MIRACLES?

By

JAMES L. GORDON, D. D.

Pastor, First Congregational Church, San Francisco, Calif.

BROADCAST FROM STATION KPO

James Logan Gordon *was born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 28, 1858. He was educated privately and entered the Congregational ministry in 1898. Dr. Gordon has held important pastorates in Canada—St. John, New Brunswick (1898–1900), Toronto (1900–5), Winnipeg, Manitoba (1905–14)—in the which he became one of the most popular preachers in the Dominion. During the years 1915–19, his pastorate was in Washington, D. C., and in 1920, he received a call to his present charge in San Francisco. Master of a picturesque, epigrammatic style, Dr. Gordon has always preached to overflowing congregations. The chilling experience of having to talk to empty pews has, happily, never been his, and unless his quite unusual forensic powers suffer some unlooked-for eclipse, there is little danger of his being found in so evil a case. In the very best sense of that term, Dr. Gordon is a truly "popular" preacher.*

"CAN'T YOU HEAR THE CONGREGATION SINGING?"

BROADCASTING by radio has a three-fold effect: First: the remarkable distance covered. Our sermon, preached in San Francisco, was heard at the same moment in Honolulu, Hawaii; Vancouver, B. C.; Montreal, Quebec; Baltimore, Maryland; New Orleans, Louisiana; and also in mid-ocean on the Pacific, beyond the equator—the passing of which means the loss of a day to the traveller, so that the sermon preached on Sunday was heard by him on Monday, and, paradoxical as it may seem, heard at exactly the moment it was delivered.

Secondly: the nearness of the preacher to individuals and small groups, two thousand miles away. I quote from some letters: "It was as though the speaker were in our room." "It was so near, as though we were sitting in the church." "We could actually hear Dr. Gordon breathe between his paragraphs."

Thirdly: the splendid effect produced over the radio by the musical program of a church. Here are references to the music: "The lovely music." "We heard you sing *Behold, a Stranger at the Door.*" It is remarkable that in our correspondence emphasis is always placed on the grand old hymns.

One physician writes of a touching incident. A poor fellow dying of tuberculosis in a hospital, and having the radio receiver over his ears, joined heartily in singing, *Nearer, My God, to Thee.* This poor chap, who had only a week to live, was so enthusiastic over his singing as to excite the interest of the other patients in the hospital. One of the physicians removing the receiving instrument from his ears asked the dear fellow what was wrong with him—why he was singing so fervently? "Can't you hear them?" the dying boy exclaimed. "Can't you hear the congregation singing? I'm singing with them. Everybody is singing, *Nearer, My God, to Thee,* and I am joining in." It was a pathetic scene, and a beautiful illustration of the spiritual ministry of the radio.

—JAMES L. GORDON.

IV

CAN AN INTELLIGENT MAN BELIEVE IN MIRACLES?

"We know that thou art a teacher sent from God, for no man doeth the miracles that thou doest, except God be with him."—JOHN 3:2.

MIRACLES, in the Bible, always stand at the beginning of a new era. Many names, in the Bible, are applied to miracles. They are called cures, healings, marvels, wonders, signs, mighty works, and miracles.

The main argument for Christianity, in the popular mind, rests upon the supernatural character of Jesus as confirmed by His miracles and mighty works. But Christianity's credential is not a miracle. It is a truth.

I believe that the miracles of Jesus are absolutely reasonable and altogether reliable; but New Testament Christianity does not depend on New Testament miracles. In other words, a miracle is not the strongest argument, or ground for argument, which Christianity has to present.

Jesus was not the only person in history who wrought miracles. The prophets who lived before Jesus wrought miracles. The apostles who lived after the time of Jesus wrought miracles.

Furthermore: every New Testament miracle is matched by an Old Testament miracle. For instance, Jesus fed the multitude, but Israel was fed on manna for forty years. Jesus cleansed the leper; but Naaman, the Syrian general, was cleansed by obeying the instructions of the prophet. Jesus multiplied the loaves and fishes, but Elisha multiplied the oil. Jesus raised the dead, but Elijah raised the widow's son. Jesus was transfigured; but so, also, was Moses. Jesus was translated, but Elijah was swept by a whirlwind into heaven. Moreover, it has been recorded in Holy Writ that bad men have sometimes wrought miracles. Furthermore, it is prophesied that Antichrist, when he appears, will be a great miracle worker—he will call down fire from heaven!

You will remember that when Nicodemus introduced himself Jesus did not commend him on his introductory remarks. Rather, He rebuked him. Nicodemus had been impressed by miracles performed in the realm of the physical and the material. He had failed to comprehend the virtue and value of the great truths that Jesus presented which had to do with the spiritual realm. Therefore, Jesus said unto Nicodemus, " Nicodemus, you must begin all over again. You have failed absolutely to comprehend the meaning of My ministry. You are but a child in spiritual things. You have not yet been born into the realm of spiritual consciousness. That which is born of the flesh is

flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. The truths of the spiritual realm are much more marvellous than the miracles of the physical realm. Art thou a master in Israel and knowest not these things?"

There is one thing greater than a miracle, and that is Truth. If you will turn to John 10: 41, you will find these words: "John did no miracle: but all things that John spake of this man [Christ] were true." It is better to tell the truth than to work miracles. The Christianity of Christ will survive because it is founded on universal truth.

I affirm, however, that the miracles of Jesus are absolutely reasonable and altogether reliable. I affirm the reasonableness of the miracles of Jesus. When I used that word "miracle" once in the presence of an avowed infidel, he exclaimed, "That's the most unreasonable word in the dictionary!"

If Jesus were a miracle worker, there are at least twelve remarkable things which I would expect to find in His life and ministry:

First, I would expect to find the development and manifestation of an amazing popularity. Certainly, a man who could work miracles would be exceedingly popular—it could not be otherwise! Therefore, I am not surprised when I read in Mark 2: 2 these words: "And straightway many were gathered together, insomuch that there was

no room to receive them, no, not so much as about the door."

Second, I would naturally expect, if miracles were wrought, that great curiosity would be shown. Unusual curiosity would be developed among all classes. Even the rich, the cultured, and aristocratic would become curious and inquisitive with reference to the famous "Miracle Worker." And, therefore, I am not surprised when I read in Luke 23: 8 these words: "And when Herod saw Jesus, he was exceedingly glad: for he was desirous to see him of a long season, because he had heard many things of him; and he hoped to have seen some miracle done by him."

In the third place, I would naturally expect that public interest would be aroused to such a point that many personal interviews would follow. There would be a universal desire to see, know, and touch the super-man, and those among the higher circles of life would seek for interviews and for opportunities to make the acquaintance of the "Miracle Man." Therefore, I am not surprised to read, in the beginning of the third chapter of John's Gospel, these words: "There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: the same came to Jesus by night."

Fourth, I would naturally expect that there would be many requests for special miracles, particularly from the rich, the titled, and the cultured —those who naturally felt that because of their

high positions in life, they had a superior right to demand the attention and consideration of the great "Miracle Worker." And so I am not surprised when I read in John 4: 46 these words: "A certain nobleman [he must have been rich], whose son was sick . . . besought him that he would come down, and heal his son."

Fifth: There would develop, without doubt, anxious concern on the part of the political and religious leaders. It would be impossible for a man to work the miracles, which Jesus is said to have wrought, without causing consternation among those who held themselves responsible for religious and political conditions. Therefore, it is most natural to read in John 11: 47, "Then gathered the chief priests and the Pharisees a council, and said, What do we? for this man doeth many miracles. If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him; and the Romans shall come and take away both our place and nation."

Sixth: Persons on whom special miracles had been wrought would, without doubt, become conspicuous and outstanding in the communities where they resided, and so we are not surprised to read in John 12: 10 these words: "The chief priests consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death; because that by reason of him many of the Jews went away, and believed on Jesus."

Seventh: Of course, we would naturally expect that there would be many ingenious explanations

of just how these miracles, signs, and mighty works had been performed. How natural, then, when we read in Matthew 9: 34 these words: "The Pharisees said, He casteth out devils through the prince of the devils."

Eighth: Fear would naturally be excited in the minds of the sinful and ungodly. The agents of sin and crime would naturally hesitate to be brought into the presence of a man so spiritually powerful as the Miracle Worker; and, therefore, again we are not surprised when we read in Matthew 14: 2 the words of Herod, who, you will remember, had beheaded John the Baptist: "This is John the Baptist; he is risen from the dead; and therefore mighty works do shew forth themselves in him." This is Herod's explanation of the miraculous power of Jesus as the signs and wonders quicken into life the slumbering conscience of the mighty Herod.

Ninth: There would of course be many requests presented to Jesus to have certain miracles repeated and reproduced. Jesus, in going about from place to place, would be requested, for instance, to repeat in Capernaum certain miracles which He had wrought in Jerusalem, and so on and so forth. Therefore, we are not surprised when we read in Matthew 12: 38, where it is recorded that the Pharisees said unto Jesus, "Master, we would see a sign from thee. But he answered and said unto them, An evil and adulterous generation seeketh

after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas."

Tenth: Also, we would expect to find in the person of the Miracle Worker the evidence of an abounding vitality. This super-man would naturally bubble over with animal magnetism, mental force, and spiritual power. The throngs would be tempted to press nearer and nearer in order that they might absorb something of His healing energy. And this condition Jesus met, for we read in Matthew 14: 36, "And [they] besought him that they might only touch the hem of his garment: and as many as touched were made perfectly whole."

Eleventh: Miracle-working power would certainly be regarded as a sign of divine favour and heavenly approval on the part of all those who accepted the Messiahship of Jesus—and so we are not surprised when we read in Acts 2: 22, that Peter, delivering his wonderful sermon on the day of Pentecost, uttered such words as these: "Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs."

Twelfth: We would naturally expect that in case of failure His enemies would sneer, most of all, at His miracles and mighty works. Therefore, we are not surprised when we read in Matthew 27: 41, as Jesus hangs in pain and agony on the cruel cross, the words of such a record as this: "Likewise also the chief priests mocking him, with the

scribes and elders, said, He saved others; himself he cannot save."

I affirm, therefore, that the miracles of Jesus are absolutely reasonable and altogether reliable. They "fit in" to the story of His life. They ring true wherever the record of them is found.

But while I believe that the miracles of Christ are reasonable and reliable, I do not consider it necessary to believe in miracles in order to be a Christian. We are not saved by believing in a miracle. We are saved by believing in a truth. It is the truth which saves. It is the truth which vitalizes. The vital thing to believe is the thing that vitalizes you the moment you believe it. A miracle is an effect produced in the physical or material realm by the operation of an unknown natural law. Conversion—regeneration, sanctification—is a spiritual effect produced on the mind by the dawning of a great truth. Conviction is the first touch of truth. Regeneration is the inward operation of truth. Conversion is the outward manifestation of truth. Sanctification is the gradual development of truth in character. It is truth which vitalizes. The vital thing to believe is that which vitalizes you the moment you believe it.

What is a miracle? A miracle is a natural event which rises above our present knowledge of natural law. A miracle ceases to be a miracle the moment you understand it. I remember the first time I

saw an aeroplane floating in mid-heavens. The incident occurred at Montreal, in the province of Quebec. I was one of a multitude of ten thousand people who gazed on the marvel and miracle—a floating airship! The sensation was decidedly unusual. I enjoyed the excitement of one of the greatest thrills of my life. I had witnessed the fulfillment of the dream of "Darius Green and his flying machine." I never afterward enjoyed the same thrill or sensation. After witnessing the first aeroplane, aeroplanes became common to my imagination. Now they float over palace, church, club house, and the Chamber of Commerce, and we never so much as look up to witness their aerial progress. Therefore, I affirm that a miracle ceases to be a miracle the moment you understand it.

A perfect comprehension of all the laws of the universe and the way in which they operate would make a miracle a mental impossibility.

A miracle is not the violation of a natural law. No law in nature can be violated. Never since the creation of the world has a natural law been violated, or surrendered, or interrupted, or repealed, or repudiated. When we say "miracle," we do not mean anything above nature, or anything aside from nature, or anything opposed to nature, or anything inconsistent with nature. By the word "miracle," we mean the operation of some law which is not comprehended by the popular mind.

A miracle is caused by the introduction of a higher law, the knowledge of which is known of but by a few.

You may ask the question, "How can the introduction of a higher law be explained?" Here, for instance, is one explanation: This vast material universe in which we reside is the body of God—that is, God is in the created universe just as you are in your body. God can move any part of the universe just as you can move your hand, your foot, your head, or any part of your body. Every atom of space between man and God is filled with God-energy.

In a universe which is governed by law, the great secret is to know the higher laws. That good-natured but sometimes illogical infidel, Robert G. Ingersoll, was delivering an address one day, when he uttered the words, "Water always runs down-hill." A Roman Catholic priest in the audience interrupted him and asked Ingersoll the question, "How can water run down-hill unless water is always running up-hill?" The question was a vital one. There is no scientific way by which water can always be running down-hill unless there is an upward supply equal to the downward fall of the water. What the priest was calling attention to is the fact that there were two laws in operation, instead of one. It is true that water always runs down-hill, but it is also true that the same measure and equivalent of water which runs down-

hill is ascending in vapour, mist, and fog; otherwise, the hills and the valleys would become bankrupt of water. There are two laws in operation in every part of the universe. One law equals the other law, and sometimes the higher law subordinates the lower law.

There are two kinds of laws in the universe. The stone falls, but the vapour rises. There are lower laws, and there are higher laws. There are laws which hold things down, like the law of gravitation; and there are laws which lift things up, like the law of solar heat, solar attraction, and solar vibration. There are laws whose operations can be seen, and there are laws whose operations cannot be seen.

It is a most remarkable fact that the higher laws of nature are continually working miracles on the lower laws of nature. For instance, the law of cold contracts, while the law of heat expands. The law of cold solidifies, while the law of heat liquefies. The law of cold causes things to fall—like the snow. The law of heat causes things to rise—like the mist of vapour. The law of cold arrests life, as in the case of cold storage. The law of heat speeds life, as is illustrated in the case of a floral conservatory. The secret of the miracle is in the power of the higher law to command the obedience of the lower law.

But somebody will ask the question, "What were the mental processes of Jesus in performing a mir-

acle?" I answer, Jesus knew the great law of applied psychology: namely, that mind responds to mind. Everything in the universe centers in a cell. In that cell is a mind—a living, conscious entity. I repeat that for every person, part, and cell, there is a separate and distinct mind which is in touch with the Universal Mind.

Let me illustrate: Jesus speaks to the mind of the sea—"Peace, be still!" Jesus speaks to the mind of the hand—"Stretch forth thy hand!" Jesus speaks to the mind of an evil spirit—"Come out of him!" Jesus speaks to the mind of the body and the sick are made whole! Jesus speaks to the mind of the tree—"Let no fruit grow on thee henceforth for ever!" Jesus speaks to the mind of the water, and the water blushes into amber wine! Jesus speaks to the mind of the spirit departed: "Lazarus, come forth!" For every person, part, and cell, there is a mind—and mind responds to mind. Jesus possessed the great secret of applied psychology. He could apply His psychology. Jesus was so natural that they called Him supernatural!

In the next realm, which has been spoken of as the "psychic" realm, or the "ether" realm—that is the realm just beyond this realm. In the next realm every substance, fine or coarse, responds to the instant command and demand of thought. Jesus, in His incarnation, descended from the psychic realm to our world. Jesus introduced into this

world a new law, namely, the Law of the Psychic Realm—for the psychic realm is the realm where naked thought produces an immediate response from every thing and object. This is the Law of the Psychic Realm, and in that law is to be found the secret of the power of Jesus.

But I can imagine somebody inquiring, "Why is it that in the Bible great miracles are usually associated with great personalities?" In answering that question, I affirm that the greatest instrument for performing a miracle is a transfigured personality. I repeat, the greatest instrument for performing miracles—social, psychological, mental, magnetic, spiritual, and physical—is a transfigured personality. Miracles, in Scripture, are always associated with some great, outstanding, pronounced, and transfigured personality such as Moses, Elijah, Elisha, Paul. Jesus demonstrated the fact that modern scientific miracles are but a reflection of the hidden secrets to be found in a human personality. Light, heat, electricity, radium, ether, X-rays, radio, and the wireless are but counterparts of certain inherent hidden spiritual facts and forces.

But I can imagine some clear-headed youth in the gallery asking this question: "Is a miracle of any present value when all the witnesses of the miracle have been dead and buried for nineteen centuries?" I answer, "No—of no present

value." The value of a miracle is only for an hour, a day, and a generation. Every generation must produce its own miracle. A generation without a miracle is cold, dark, meaningless, reactionary, and faithless.

But, hear me! There are more miracles being performed to-day than ever before in the history of the world. When the late President Harding stood in the cemetery at Arlington and delivered his most eloquent address over the dead form of "The Unknown Soldier," we folks here in San Francisco, three thousand miles away, listening in over the radio, heard every word as distinctly as though we had stood with fifty thousand others upon the banks of the Potomac. Modern miracles, in their scope, power, and wonder, mark the twentieth century as the most miraculous century in all the history of the race. These modern miracles, if carried into the heart of African barbarism, would cause wonder, amazement, consternation, and awe.

And now I close this discourse by making an affirmation which I hope will be registered in the consciousness of all those who listen to me—both in this great auditorium and also upon the far reaches of the marvellous radio which has been installed by the General Electric Company in this edifice: *If all psychic miracles are associated with a transfigured personality, then a transfigured personality is the greatest miracle of all.*

What the world needs to-day is a transfigured personality. This is the greatest miracle of all—the master-miracle.

When I was a lad some twelve years of age, I was brought under the influence of three transfigured personalities. The first whom I shall mention was a young Baptist preacher by the name of John Peddie. He was pastor of a great Baptist church in the Quaker City where I resided. He was, altogether, an unusual character, possessing marvellous personal magnetism, tremendous mental power, and a voice which was wonderful for its scope and flexibility. He could speak in a whisper, or he could pluck a thunderbolt from the realm of acoustics. He had, too, a certain melting, tearful, persuasive power of utterance. He made a tremendous impression on my youthful mind. He was, for me, a miracle-worker—a transfigured personality, indeed!

One winter morning in Philadelphia, I stood in a building called "The Wigwam," near the corner of Broad and Arch Streets. This frame building had been used for political purposes. I remember hearing the magnetic James G. Blaine deliver a political oration to a multitude of several thousand beneath its dome. In this popular auditorium, on a cold Sabbath morning, the Christian workers of Philadelphia had gathered together fifteen hundred drunkards. It was an audience of debauched, degraded, and liquor-saturated outcasts. Such a

sight of misery I had never beheld in all my life.

But the Christian people of the Quaker City had gathered in these outcasts and provided them with a loaf of bread and a cup of hot, steaming coffee; and while these poor creatures munched the bread and drank their coffee, there was introduced to them a transfigured personality. Her name was Frances E. Willard. As I remember, she had a slender form and a voice of silver. As she spake to these poor, besotted outcasts, the tears streamed down their faces—and I confess that an electric current swept over my nervous frame. I had seldom if ever heard such eloquence. The grip of her power was tremendous—so slender, so frail, so feminine, so spiritual—and yet the manifestation of her personal power was overwhelming and pentecostal. She was indeed a transfigured personality.

Years ago, Dwight L. Moody stood in the presence of an audience of fifteen thousand people in New York City. He stood there as you have seen him standing in the presence of vast throngs in San Francisco. He stood on the platform, his arms outstretched, the open Bible in his left hand, his right hand gesturing thoughts of spiritual emphasis and power. He stood there, the very incarnation of divine love, human compassion, and melting sympathy. It was into such an audience as this that, one day, while Moody was speaking,

there wandered a poor social outcast. Once she had been an actress of fair name and great fame. Her name had stood forth in flaming hieroglyphics on a thousand billboards; she had stood before the footlights and enjoyed every form of reception and ovation. But now she was a poor unknown, in ill health, broken morals, and a will corroded by the use of narcotics.

Standing in the rear of that great audience to which Mr. Moody was speaking, she beheld the outline of his tremendous personality. She was moved by his pent-up enthusiasm, by his earnestness of expression, by the whole sympathetic sweep of his appeal. In the form of the great evangelist she beheld a marvellous expression of the goodness, grace, kindness, and forgiving spirit of the God who reigns over the universe, and through the great evangelist there came to her that saving grace and power which finds its channel only in and through the ever-recurring miracle of a transfigured personality. What the Church needs to-day—what the world needs to-day—is THE MIRACLE OF A TRANSFIGURED PERSONALITY.

V

THE LONELY FIGHTER

By

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH, D. D.

Pastor, Central Methodist Episcopal Church, Detroit, Mich.

BROADCAST FROM STATION WC

Lynn Harold Hough, *preacher, lecturer, author and educator, is one of the most prominent figures in the Methodist Episcopal Church of America. A graduate of Drew Seminary, the holder of a number of degree-titles, the successful pastor in a number of important churches, Dr. Hough has earned for himself a reputation which stretches to wider areas than that of his own country. He is a welcome and eagerly-listened-to preacher in the pulpits of Great Britain whose people are the most experienced "sermon-tasters" in the world. Possessed of ripe scholarship, genuine culture, a clear head and facile speech—all grafted on to a true spirituality—few men of his time have attained to the ministerial eminence of Lynn Harold Hough. He is an Ohioan, having been born in Cadiz, that state, forty-seven years ago. If one reads the promise of the years aright, it would appear as though almost any place in the gift of his Church may be his for the asking, or for that matter, without his asking at all!*

NEW JOY IN LIFE BY MEANS OF THE RADIO

CENTRAL Methodist Episcopal Church, of Detroit, was organized in 1810 and incorporated in 1822. It is the oldest Protestant church in Michigan. It began broadcasting one service each Sunday on September 10, 1922, and thus ranks among the churches in America which have had the longest period of continuous public service by means of the radio. Quantities of letters have come into the office of Central Church from all parts of the United States and from the Dominion of Canada, expressing appreciation of its services. Many of these have been from invalids who, unable to participate in public worship for many years, have found new joy in life and profound comfort as they have shared in the service of Central Church by means of radio.

The Lonely Fighter, the sermon here printed, was preached in Central Church, and broadcast on Sunday evening, April 13, 1924.

—LYNN HAROLD HOUGH.

V

THE LONELY FIGHTER

"*So fight I.*"—1 Corinthians 9:26.

ALL the great figures are lonely figures. There may be constant social contacts. There may be the perpetual give-and-take of friendly relations to other men. There may be joyous participation in the life of the great society of human kind. But back of all this there is a hidden, unshared life of the spirit. And out of this inner life comes the hero, ready for the great hour. The years of fighting which no one has seen have prepared him for the striking conflict when the world looks on. Once in a while a man with a gift for self-revelation gives us a glimpse of this hidden life and its struggles. Such a word is flung out when Paul in one of his letters cries out, "So fight I." It reminds us of Browning's

I was ever a fighter so—one fight more,
The best and the last.

We see at least a glimpse of that lonely inner conflict when the soul wakes and grows.

Not only the great men and women of the world, but all the men and women who swarm upon this planet, meet life's supreme conflicts alone. The

best of friends cannot enter the secret place when the hour of crisis comes. There is a tragic dignity and a stern beauty about this life of solitude where a man meets with destiny. With all the rush and confusion of life, we are lonely fighters in the central conflicts of our existence. We may signal encouragement to other strugglers, and we may find deep encouragement in the knowledge that every other personality in our human world has the same glory and tragedy of isolation in the supreme hours. Let us consider some of the experiences of the lonely fighter as he moves among the passing years.

I. The Pioneer. The very beginning of any great thing for the world is the call of the pioneer. History is rather definitely the story of the attempt to convert mistaken majorities. They must be led to more adequate views and to nobler ways of action. And the man who sets out to change the mind of the majority has a hard and lonely fight ahead. To be sure there is a monument along the way. But that monument will probably be erected long after he is dead. In the meantime there is ceaseless conflict and ceaseless misunderstanding. The pioneer must have an inner life so stout and rich and strong that it is able to resist all the invasion of the crowd mind. And so the battle in his own heart will be greater than any fight with other men. Like Abraham the pioneer goes out upon a trackless waste of high adventure. Of that

ancient and august personality it was said that "he went out not knowing whither he went." And the pioneer of every age has known the experience which the Californian poet pictures so vividly when he describes Columbus off on his great voyage with familiar sights behind and "before him only shoreless seas."

The inner fight for courage and good cheer in such hours as these is one of the most critical struggles in human life. And every man, however quiet and ordinary his surroundings, hears, sometime in his life, this call to be a pioneer. It may be in respect of some matter which would seem trifling enough from the outside. But at that moment the deeps without his life call to the deeps within. And he has the opportunity to fight for the creative integrity of his own soul. The hour, when in the name of an inner vision of reality, a man refuses to accept the decision of the crowd mind is the hour of the emancipation of his spirit. There is bitter loneliness in that hour. There is tempestuous conflict. There is also noble victory. Paul met such an hour when he broke with his whole Jewish past. "So fight I," said Paul. "So fight I," say the pioneers—all down the years.

II. The Pilgrim. The pioneer breaks with human experience. The pilgrim is loyal to human experience. Both types are needed. And indeed there is a touch of the pioneer and also a touch of the pilgrim in all the great men of the world. The

noblest sanctities of life gather in richness of meaning as the years go by. And so the world comes to have shrines which are well known as well as flying goals which are unknown. Every man needs both a shrine and a flying goal. It may seem that loyalty to the shrine would be very easy, that only loyalty to the flying goal requires dash and adventurous courage. As a matter of fact, the pilgrim to the noble shrine, venerable with the beauty of the ages, must also be a man of infinite daring. It is so easy to mistake the ivy which grows upon the ancient temple for the temple itself. It is so easy to walk with the pilgrims without having the pilgrim heart. It is so easy to think lightly of the accumulated wisdom of the searching and difficult years. And so though the pilgrim may be one of a great band of men and women bound upon the same journey, the fight for a pilgrim's mind and a pilgrim's heart is a grim and lonely battle which demands every resource of aroused and alert personality.

The man who loses his vision in the midst of the worshippers is one of the saddest of human tragedies. The reader of the *Divine Comedy* will come to realize what a lonely and courageous moral fighter the pilgrim must be. Dante was not an iconoclast. He accepted the cumulative results of the teaching of the Church for a thousand years. The centuries of revolt lay ahead of him, not behind him. He was a true and contented son of

the past. But everything he touched glowed with moral and spiritual fire. He fought for a realization of the soul of the old even as other men fought to be witnesses of the birth of the new. And no man looks upon the ages with a face more scarred with lonely battle, or more glorious with moral and spiritual expectation. He knew the pilgrim's battle. And he knew the pilgrim's triumph.

III. The Prophet. Both the radicals and the conservatives then must fight for the realities involved in their positions and the man who would do justice to the elements of truth in both positions has the subtlest and most difficult fight of all. Luther has the fight of a pioneer. Ignatius Loyola has the fight of a pilgrim over long-trodden ways. It was Erasmus who, walking in lonely and difficult places, had a conflict whose subtle and searching features neither Luther nor Loyola knew. But there is another type of mind which is neither that of the pioneer *per se* nor that of the pilgrim. It is the mind of the prophet. The man whose life is radiant with a sense of the presence of God and the knowledge of Him transcends the radical and the conservative in the quality of his immediate vision. He may seem to be the most favoured of men, for the glow and the wonder of the divine are life's supreme realities to him.

Hebrew religion reached its noblest heights in the achievements of the prophets. God was the supreme reality to them. And they made a God

with a character the supreme reality to other men. We know enough of them to be assured that, high as was their privilege, it was accompanied by lonely and terrible conflict. Isaiah's vision in the temple burned although it glorified his soul. Ezekiel's vision of the divine glory flung him to the earth in abject penitence although it afterward lifted him to a dignity unknown before. From a broken heart and a broken home, Hosea looked into the heart of God with such understanding as no man had attained who preceded him. Through peril and pain and struggle of souls men enter into the prophets' glory and the prophets' joy.

And we are not to think of the prophet as an isolated figure belonging to an age long gone. In the Christian civilization, "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy." Jesus made it possible for every man, in his own measure, to experience the prophet's life. And sooner or later, to every Christian young or old comes the opportunity for a simple and direct and childlike contact with God. In the eighteenth century Methodism changed the character of the English-speaking world because, in this very direct and noble sense, it became a Church of prophets and roused the prophetic consciousness in every Church. The call of the prophet is not far from any one of us. But here again the prophets' loneliness and the prophets' battle must precede the prophets' consciousness of God's presence and the prophets' living speech.

IV. The Patriot. If men are fighting for the best in the past, if they are battling to find the undiscovered good in the future, if they are struggling their way into that noble silence where God can speak, if they are pilgrims, and pioneers, and prophets it may well seem that they have reached a lofty pinnacle of achievement. But there is one more sort of fight. And there is one more sort of victory. The lonely battler must become a patriot and he must see the circle of his patriotism enlarge until it covers ever vaster areas.

Paul was, first of all, a Jew. He was ready to risk his life at a moment's notice for the people whom he believed to be the people of God. He was a Roman citizen. And he had a certain inborn pride in his free citizenship in the great Empire. He became a citizen of the Kingdom of Christ. And that citizenship became the supreme and ever expanding loyalty of his life. Christ's Kingdom was his ultimate fatherland. And he was one of its greatest patriots. "So fight I," he cried, as he thought of a thousand battles, inner and outer, in the name of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

The patriot begins with a bit of geography, with one land to him the land of lands. And if it has bitter conflicts, he offers his life without hesitation. There is many an inner battle about this land of his. The day comes when he knows that a patriot is not a man who says "My country right or

wrong," but a man who tells his country the truth his country ought to hear. The man who loves his land enough to be its conscience is a great patriot. And out of many a lonely battle does such patriotism come.

Then a man comes to have a vision of the commonwealth of humanity. He sees the hope and fear, the gladness and pain of little children everywhere. He loves them all. Every land where little children come to bless human homes is in a sense his fatherland. He knows no aliens. He knows no men of foreign birth. Through lonely battle and struggle he comes out upon the table-land of this world citizenship. And now he sees in his own land a great servant of God who must serve the world. He sees a great brother nation whose giant muscles must never be degraded by exploitation of weaker nations. He sees the nation itself become a new St. Christopher.

In his own land and in other lands he sees those thriving evils which defeat the purposes of brotherhood. He sees bad fraternities of exploitation where there should be one great society of fellowship in service. And the social passion and the social purpose glow in his mind and heart. Through many a tense and testing battle he attains to the patriotism of universal brotherhood.

Then, like Paul, he lifts his eyes to the Supreme Vision. He sees at last the glory of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. And in this vast loyalty he finds

his fatherland. It includes the moral strugglers of the past, the battlers of the present, the victors of the future. And over these the living Christ is King of kings and Lord of lords. It includes national loyalty and international hope. It includes individual transformation and social regeneration. It includes all smaller groups in the glory of the great society of the Kingdom of God. And struggling, battling his way into this great vision, remaining loyal to it through the years he cries with Paul—"So fight I." He is a battler for the triumphant Kingdom of the Son of God. "So fight I," the cry is lifted from millions of throats. "So fight we all." And now, we pass out of lonely isolation into the glory of the society of the men and women in whose hearts Jesus Christ has already carried brotherhood to triumph. "So fight we all."

VI

SPLIT PERSONALITY

By

BURRIS A. JENKINS, D. D.

Pastor, Linwood Christian Church, Kansas City, Mo.

BROADCAST FROM STATION WHB

BURRIS ATKINS JENKINS *was born, fifty-five years ago, in the same city in which to-day he lives and labours—Kansas City, Mo. Dr. Jenkins was ordained to the Christian (Disciples) ministry in 1891; holds degrees from Bethany College (Kan.) and Harvard; has been twice a University President (Indianapolis and Kentucky); edited and published "The Kansas City Post" (1919–21), and since 1907 has been pastor of Linwood Church. Dr. Jenkins has a number of distinctive books to his name, and in all the varied spheres of service in which he has engaged has proved himself a man of enviable gifts and unusual parts.*

A GREAT INSTRUMENTALITY FOR THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL

THE first time I broadcasted a sermon over the radio, was, for me, a strange experience. I began hesitatingly, with a little anecdote, of a mildly humorous sort. I waited for the usual ripple of laughter; but not a sound! I was more embarrassed than ever. Then I launched out into the sermon. I held my watch in my hand and in precisely eighteen minutes, hot, perspiring, I turned and ran out of that horrible loneliness. I left the station with a sense of the most utter futility.

Within two days letters began to arrive; within two weeks I had communications from all over the United States, from the Adirondack Mountains to the Arizona desert, from the Great Lakes to the fronded palms of Florida. Practically every one of those letters, uniformly courteous, kindly, and containing expressions of gratitude, alluded to that little story with which the sermon began.

The embarrassment of this occasion disappeared in future speeches largely due to that great sheaf of kindly letters. Now I can preach into a "corn-popper" without any more terror than that which any conscientious man feels in facing any audience he ever has to address.

Since then, I have frequently preached to a visible congregation and an invisible one at the same time. I have spoken in buildings and in the open air, with the radio instrument just in front of me, and with an admonition in my ear: "Please stand still and do not turn to right or left." The situation limits somewhat the freedom of one's movements and particularly the freedom of watching closely one's audience while he speaks. Perhaps, however, these limitations are not all unfortunate.

Apparently more sermons are broadcasted to-day than ever before. At least one hears more frequent references to them than one did a year or so ago. The radio is bringing the Gospel to many who would not get out to hear it, and many who could not. So far as my observation is concerned, the popularity of the broadcast sermon does not seem to have diminished in the slightest degree. So, taken for all in all, here is a great new instrumentality for the wider spread of the Gospel of Christ. May its power increase!

—Burris A. Jenkins.

VI

SPLIT PERSONALITY

"A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways."
—JAMES 1:8.

IT is remarkable but true that great poets and literary men have frequently anticipated the findings of science which have come after them. So Tennyson in very striking fashion foreshadowed, as in *Locksley Hall,* the discoveries made by scientific men two or three decades later. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* has in like manner set forth sooner than the psychologists themselves the strange phenomenon of the split personality. And the Apostle James, in this eighth verse of the first chapter of his Epistle, has caught something of this queer quirk of human nature as he speaks of the "double-minded man unstable in all his ways."

James compares the double-minded person to "a wave of the sea, driven by the wind and tossed." Ineffectual, unstable, staggering, according to his thinking, is the life that is divided in its purpose, let alone split in its personality. Each one of us, no doubt, has stood on ship or shore and watched a wave, tall, majestic, white-capped, coming toward him, has followed it with his eyes, determined

to see how far it would persist, only to see it flatten out, disappear, submerged beneath a hundred others. This is what James appears to see when he talks of the double-minded man "unstable in all his ways."

That there is danger for any one of us of double-mindedness, and even split personality, is evident from the struggles we have all felt between certain primal instincts that have their home within us. Modern science is teaching that the struggle of these instincts, their conflicts with one another, their repression deep down into the unconscious strata of our natures, is the cause of much of our ills, our nervousness, our fears, our ineffectiveness.

We are pretty well convinced of the large amount of our lives lived in the "unconscious," or the "subconscious." Much of the battle and struggle going on within is due to forces of which we are unaware, or only dimly aware. So often we can truly say: "I don't know what made me do that." But something *did* make us do it. Or we say: "I don't know why I forgot that." But there was a reason for the forgetting.

The famous comparison that Stanley Hall made between a human being and an iceberg is convincing. An iceberg floats, but nine-tenths of it is submerged. Sometimes it drifts with the wind; but sometimes it moves directly against the wind, borne along by an ocean-current that we cannot detect. So, sometimes we can forecast human be-

haviour by the winds that blow. Sometimes, on the other hand, we cannot account for the things our friends do, or we ourselves do. The explanation lies below the surface in the large proportion of our being that is submerged in the unconscious. Nothing is more indubitable than this comparatively recent discovery, which William James called the most important discovery in the science of the human mind since he became a student of the subject. There is a constant struggle, most of it unconscious, always going on within each one of us, among the instincts natural to us all.

There is for instance the instinct of acquisitiveness resident in each one. It is as natural for us to acquire personal possessions as it is for a little savage child to gather up pebbles or shells from the shore, or shards from the village paths. Pushed to extremes, this instinct comes into conflict with the herd instinct, or regard for the rights of others, or the fear instinct, such as the fear of God. Again the sex instinct is in the same sort of conflict with the herd instinct; and the battle between the two may at times become very momentous and devastating. Perhaps this conflict is the most universal and dangerous of them all, and accounts for many of the strange things that human beings do, and the strange ills they suffer.

St. Paul very vividly realized this tendency to conflict in human nature and very vividly set it forth. He declares that he feels two natures strug-

gling within him, or as he puts it, two laws at work in his members. They are the law of the flesh and the law of the Spirit, which he says are contrary the one to the other: "For the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. . . . O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Jesus' figure for the same struggle is the figure of double vision. He says: "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light; but if thine eye be evil [or double], thy whole body shall be full of darkness." He is talking to rulers and Pharisees, rich men with the instinct of acquisitiveness highly developed. At the same time they were religious men, at least outwardly, and their instinct for worship clashed with their instinct for possessions and powers. By this conflict their vision was dazed, blurred, imperfect. Their whole bodies were not full of light but full of darkness.

It was as if the optic nerves of their souls were infected or decaying or wounded. There was a mental struggle, a soul conflict, which resulted in confused thinking and judgment. They could not, for instance, recognize the Light of the World when they beheld it. They were actually in danger of the split personality. One eye of the soul tried to look up, the other to look down. Of course they could not see straight. There are many so afflicted, even to-day.

Now it is only of recent years that we have ac-

tually begun to take note of split personalities in our scientific investigations. We have been a good while learning the lesson of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. At first we dimly felt that there was something of this sort manifest in somnambulism, or sleep-walking. Fortunately, however, certain great physicians and psychologists have tabulated the instances, too exactly to be gainsaid, in which at least two personalities inhabit the same body, even in waking moments.

There is the classic case of Miss Beauchamp, a very precise, puritanical and even prudish type of New England spinsterhood. Her other self, whom she named "Sally," was a very vivacious, rollicking tomboy. Sally, the hoyden, made all kinds of sport of Miss Beauchamp, the prude; while Miss Beauchamp was terribly shocked at the sayings and antics of Sally. After many months of careful training, her unity of personality was restored.

There is another and more recent case of a Rhode Island minister by the name of Bourne, who disappeared from his parish and was found months afterward operating a confectionery shop in western Pennsylvania under the name of Brown. Brown, the merchant, had no knowledge of Bourne, the minister. It was only by weeks and months of careful reëducation that these two contending personalities were gradually merged and the clergyman resumed his normal employment.

The instances of divided personality are much more frequent than laymen recognize. Physicians are meeting with them all the time; and the analogy of this trouble to the divided religious and moral mind, which does not always appear as a disease, is simple and clear.

It is an interesting reflection—and as true as interesting—that we are all of us more or less divided in personality; that reëducation is often much more necessary than we realize; and that most of us would profit by the analysis of some cool, calm, and well-trained spirit, who would examine us deep down into the dark chambers of our souls. We cannot so analyze ourselves. Introspection so easily becomes morbid.

If we read the Scriptures in the light of our most recent discoveries in psychology we shall see how many characters that are there depicted suffered from the evils of the divided mind. There is no doubt at all, for instance, that Saul, the first king of Israel, was a neurotic—the victim of instincts working at cross-purposes with each other in his inner life. He had hallucinations, hysteria, melancholy and needed analysis by a cool and united soul like David, the son of Jesse.

Then this David himself later became split to a degree, and played havoc among the members of his own family. The conflict in the soul of the Shepherd King and Sweet Singer is a very marked one indeed. Never battle between flesh and spirit

raged more fiercely in any human breast perhaps than in that of King David.

Solomon, the wise, turned out to be Solomon, the failure; his kingdom divided at his death, never again to be reunited. With all his reputed wisdom, Solomon's eye was never single and his body never full of light.

In the New Testament Simon Peter is an excellent instance, in his earlier life, of the double-minded man unstable in all his ways. The instinct for possession, for power, the instinct of self-assertion in Simon Peter, did battle with his loyalty and affection for his leader, with instability as the inevitable result. He wanted always to be the leader, the chiefest. He wanted to walk on the water. He wanted to be bathed, not only upon his feet but his hands and his head. Yet he had not the faith and loyalty to give him the necessary clarity of vision and courage of execution. Not until his reëducation and the merging of the divided elements of his mind into a single united whole, as bright and as sharp as a sword, did Simon Peter become an integrated personality, and endure martyrdom for the great cause.

Each one of us can recognize our kinship to these Scriptural characters. Each one of us knows all too bitterly the results of our warring instincts, of our divided minds. We should each of us be very sure, therefore, that we do not delay too long in entering upon the process of reëducation, rein-

tegration, of the divided elements of our personality.

For after all, life is one long search for harmony, for unity of spirit, for peace of mind. H. G. Wells, who forecasted so many of the scientific discoveries of our time, is now saying that the achievements of the future are to be in the realm of the spirit, in the soul of man. We may be very sure that such discoveries will be in the direction of an increasing harmony in the spiritual life toward God, toward one's self, and toward men. It is in these three directions that we are seekers after peace and harmony. The problems of life are all made up of conflicts in these three realms.

We all of us want to be "right with God." We hunger for it far more deeply than we are aware. The nameless yearnings and longings which all of us have, with their attendant sadness and melancholy, if we only knew it, are often homesickness for the Eternal.

Much of distress comes, too, from conflict with one's self. We desire peace in the inward man. We have no League of Nations among the warring instincts of our flesh and soul. No man can work to the highest purpose who is working under a mental conflict. Work never kills anybody; it is the conflict that kills. Somehow, to be highly effective, to attain the success that is really success, we need to resolve these inner conflicts and to find

that central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation.

Furthermore, we must learn to be at peace with our fellow-men, in harmony with our environment. It is no easy thing for two human beings to live together even in the most sacred relations of parent and child, or husband and wife. The highest of all the fine arts known to humanity is the art of getting on well with one's fellows, with the least possible amount of friction and the greatest possible amount of helpfulness and uplift. Art is long, art is earnest. This is especially true of the art of living. It is a hard road even if a beautiful and joyful one. At the end of it is harmony and peace; and the best sign-board beside the road is the word of Him who said: "I am the Way."

We have now already anticipated the remedy for the divided mind, the split personality. It is re-education, reintegration, harmony. Sometimes the process is sudden and brief. St. Augustine changed overnight from a divided mind to a beautifully united one. There are numberless other instances in history of personalities broken, shattered, conflicting, as St. Paul puts it "kicking against the goads," which have been reilluminated almost instantaneously and drawn together into a united, harmonious, and purposeful whole. These are the instances of quick "conversion," as we call it, of a new birth.

More often, however, the process of reëducation

is long and toilsome. So much that we thought was well learned must be unlearned. So much that we thought was law and gospel, we find to be only delusion and mistake. In entering upon the process of reëducation, nothing is more essential than a high task, some worthy cause or aim in which a self, perhaps already grown morbid, may lose itself in devoted service. Some great cause, God's new Messiah, separates the sheep from the goats within the single soul itself, and enables us, by the expulsive power of a great affection, to thrust the goats away into outer darkness.

Physicians dealing with mental and nervous troubles are pleased beyond measure if, as one of the first steps in a cure, they can enlist a patient in some worthy task, some active service, some high aim. The environment of the task may be very humble and limited, the corner very small. That does not matter. It is not the tools that count, but the workmanship.

Then most of all, reintegration, harmony can be found by association with those inspiring personalities, living or dead, who act upon us like fresh air from the sea or the mountains, to quicken our step, to brace our courage. Notable amongst all these is Jesus of Nazareth, whose friend and companion every one of us may be. We may pore over His portrait in the Gospels. We may hold communication with Him in what Rabindranath Tagore calls the "dark chamber of the soul." We may

come into His physical presence in His sanctuary where His words are spoken and sung, and we may communicate with Him and know Him, even as the two disciples at Emmaus knew Him "in the breaking of the bread." If we keep company with Him with a love that will not let Him go, the process of reintegration, whether short or long, is sure to be successfully accomplished and our divided minds brought to rest and peace in Him.

How beautifully the increasing knowledge of man fits in with the old Gospel, two thousand years at work in this world! How every added human discovery throws light upon those sacred words spoken so long ago! Perhaps we know, to-day, even better than James knew, that "the double-minded man is unstable in all his ways . . . like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed." We know from our own experience the struggle that goes on between two natures within us, the conflict among our instincts. We see round about us men just as divided as King Saul, the hypochondriac; as Solomon, the wise failure; or as Simon Peter, the undisciplined. Yes, each one of us recognizes in himself something of the conflict that went on in them; and all of us know the deep yearning, homesickness, and thirst for harmony, for peace toward God, ourselves and our fellows. The added knowledge of these later days ought only to give us a finer and higher courage with which to press forward perseveringly in our re-

education under the Great Teacher who walked by the dusty and well-trodden roads of that Syrian land so long ago, and who still walks by the crowded city streets of this modern world or by the unfrequented roads and paths in lonely places.

VII

WHAT IS DEATH?

By

ALBERT EDWIN KEIGWIN, D. D.

Pastor, West End Presbyterian Church, New York, N. Y.

BROADCAST FROM STATION WJZ

ALBERT EDWIN KEIGWIN, *the widely-known pastor of West End Presbyterian Church, in the City of New York, will have served his present pastorate for a stretch of twenty years when the month of January, 1925, is reached. During the whole of that period, West End Church has been a centre of constantly expanding usefulness, and its pastor a man of ever-increasing influence. Born in Clinton, Iowa, fifty-five years ago, Dr. Keigwin is a graduate of Princeton (University and Seminary), and was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry in 1894. During his ministerial career he has held three pastorates—First Church, Millville, N. J., Park Church, Newark, N. J., and his present charge. For five years (1905–12) he was President of Ursinus (Pa.) College, and his Divinity degree was conferred on him by Lafayette (Pa.) College. He is a member of the Presbyterian Home Mission Board and President of the Trustee Board of the Polytechnic Institute, Porto Rico. A man of wide interests, of broad and tolerant sympathies, Dr. Keigwin can always be reckoned on to identify himself with any movement having for its objective the well-being and uplift of his fellows, and the advancement of the Kingdom of his Lord.*

RADIO REVEALS HEART-HUNGER AND SPIRITUAL NEED

THE radiocast church service has vindicated itself beyond the most sanguine expectations of its early promoters. In support of this statement we of the innovation period can cite evidence conclusive enough to convince any open-minded person. Letters have been received by the sackful and one Western clergyman reports having received four thousand letters in a single week! Serious letters these. Coming from widely-scattered quarters, and from people of every race, creed and calling, they furnish a cross-section of present-day spiritual need and heart-hunger promising much for society and for the Church. And the most impressive fact is that in so many instances the writing of these letters was clearly an effort. Some correspondents found it extremely hard to be frank, while with others the writing of the letter was, quite evidently, a rare and awkward adventure. Among the sacred confidences of my ministry of twenty-five years, this radio-mail holds first place.

Out of my own experience, dating back to the beginning of broadcasting, certain settled convictions have taken form. They are as follows:

(1) That radio is a potent instrumentality for building up collective feeling and social solidarity.

(2) That an instrument of such inestimable value should be used with the greatest discretion and in a spirit of trusteeship.

(3) That the radio-preacher should not take undue advantage of his opportunities. Sectarian propaganda should never be indulged in, and no appeals should be made that would tend to divert money or men from local loyalties.

(4) That the radio-preacher should ever have in his mind's eye the broken in life, in spirit and in faith; the struggling church and the discouraged pastor; and he should extend his hand across the ether in personal understanding and healing touch.

(5) That above all, the supreme concern should be to bring each invisible hearer nearer to the All-Father, thereby bringing them nearer to one another.

—Albert Edwin Keigwin.

VII

WHAT IS DEATH?

"That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."—1 CORINTHIANS 15:36.

MAN is not born to die. This is the central tenet of the religion of Jesus. And this is the thought Paul seeks to amplify and exemplify in the words we are to consider. The author takes issue with the dreary idea that the chief function of Christianity is to prepare folks for death. That is exactly what it is not. The Book which lies open before me has but *one* theme—life. This is its supreme message from cover to cover. Death is introduced only as a means to an end. The thought here, as elsewhere, is that death is a process whereby God brings life and immortality into the light.

And this contention has ample support. Jesus rarely alluded to death. When He did so it was in the most guarded fashion; and in terms implying the antithesis of annihilation. His substitution of "sleep" for "death" was clearly intended to enable the dull of comprehension to grasp the fact of conscious continuity hidden by the circumstances of the last great change.

We are now to ask and, if possible, to answer the question: "What is death?" We have no

new theories to advance. We are to indulge in no guesses. We simply plant our feet upon certain solid facts and look in the direction death is tending.

Now there are certain things that we know about death, beyond all controversy. For one thing, we know that death is the liberator of life. Here it is in our Scripture: "That which thou sowest is not made alive *except* it die." When life is first bestowed it is a prisoner. In nature we see this everywhere; and within ourselves we feel it continually. There are times when our physical limitations seem like chains and as galling. How are these fetters broken? How is the prisoner liberated? Read the history of nations; read biography; study the natural sciences. Everywhere the answer is the same—by dying. "He that loseth his life shall find it." Strange words these, but true as an axiom.

Again: we know that death is the revealer of life. It makes known the nature of life. This, too, is brought out in our Scripture. "That which thou sowest thou knowest not what it shall be, it may chance be of this grain or of another."

How true this is! For example: Not the wisest man would be able to guess what is locked up in an acorn if he had never observed an acorn grow. Neither could any one guess what is in a grain of corn, if a full ear had never before been seen. Death is indeed the revealer of life. Until death

comes, each seed abideth alone and unknown, unknown as to nature and quality of life, unknown as to the measure of life. An inscrutable mystery it all is, until death reveals the facts.

Think of the thousand and one seeds which look alike. I have a good friend in Congress who sends me each year a generous supply of government seeds. A consignment once reached my New England farm in a decidedly mixed condition. Something had gone wrong in the parcels-post and the packages were broken. It was next to impossible to tell one seed from another. Said I to my farmer, "Henry, do you know anything about seeds? If so, see what you can do with this mess." He proceeded to sort the seeds. "This is corn," he said. "These are beans. These are peas." So far it was easy enough, for he was dealing with things he had raised. But when it came to the flower seeds he gave up with the remark, "Guess you'll never know what these are till you plant 'em." And he was right, for many seeds were dropped in wrong flower-beds and had to be transplanted later.

In this respect many folks are much like those flower seeds—their nature and worth is little known until they die. That is the sad part about this present life. We don't know one another. We don't even know ourselves. We come to earth all packed up and we never fully unpack—at least, not in this life. "Who knoweth what is in man?" One of the greatest of prophets of old catalogued

seven thousand fellow-countrymen and missed the mark on every one. It is well said that a man must be dead fifty years before he is appreciated. It certainly looks that way. Abraham Lincoln was criticized, caricatured and maligned throughout life. Then death came. Immediately the real Lincoln began to unfold to the wonder and admiration of a nation and of the world. And more recent presidents have fared no better. If such are the facts this side of Jordan what surprises must await us on the other side! Yes, death is the revealer of life. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Furthermore, and more obviously, death is the expander of life. I need not elaborate this statement. The harvest is always larger than the sowing. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." So runs the argument in this fifteenth chapter of Corinthians. Who will stand up and dispute any of these points with St. Paul?

Here, then, are three facts about death practically beyond controversy. Death is the liberator of life; death is the revealer of life; death is the enlarger of life. Now take these facts and set them down beside human life and behold the wonderful harmony of God's universe. Take Jesus, for instance, the first fruit of life in its larger after-death aspect. Did not death liberate, reveal and enlarge the life of Jesus? For thirty-three years the Son of God was bound by every human

limitation. Evidently it is hard to appraise even God when He condescends to wrap Himself in time-bound and space-bound humanity. So long as Christ wore a body such as ours He, too, was misunderstood, misjudged and maligned. How often I have pondered this! What a comfort it has been on occasion to lift my eyes and to say, "Dear God-man, you know all about it, don't you? You know our frame, you remember that we are dust-stained pilgrims plodding onward and upward. Let me but take your hand, O blessed Fellow-traveller, and I shall feel within me the growing thrills of an enlarging life."

Paul's analogy holds good in the light of life beyond as revealed by the risen Jesus. No less does it hold good in the light of what is known of human life here. Judging from the segment of human life that falls within our immediate knowledge, man has three lives to live. Twice he lives this side of the grave and once beyond. And the remarkable thing about the two lives here is that they are identical in one respect, at least. In both experiences it is a life of development, of preparation. In the one life we are getting ready for the next. In the prenatal life, feet and hands are forming, but there are no paths to walk, and no work to perform. Eyes are forming, but there is no light, no perspective. Ears are forming, but no sound is heard. It is an isolated world, a dark world, a world without task, without thoroughfare.

A life of preparation it is, pure and simple. Then comes that crisis of consciousness—birth. With a cry, less of pain than of instinctive longing for welcome and for love, the infant passes from a world of darkness into a world of alternate light and darkness. Eyes open to find that they have been forming for a purpose. Tiny hands reach out and there are waiting arms of affection ready to receive. Nor does the evolution stop here. It proceeds with increasing interest and larger and more intelligible motive, as the years unfold. We walk, we handle, we talk, we reason, we reach up after that which lies far beyond time and space and physical perception. Thus we use all of the attributes which had been developing in the first life, and each exertion is a revelation of latent possibilities, a prophecy of more to follow. So I cannot but believe that when we come to resurrection, our second birth, we shall find some one looking forward to our advent with greater expectation, with more yearning solicitude.

"Continued in our next" is written clear and large at the close of each succeeding chapter of life. We pick up a book. The book doesn't go far enough. We go to the teacher, but the teacher doesn't know enough. We get down on our knees and our knees do not carry us far enough. We knock and knock, as though we would say, "Let us out! Let us out! We are prisoners. This cell is too small. We must have air!" We reach up

after God and we ask—"Where is He?" We peer into the dark recesses of the earth and spread the wings of vision. All the while faith is developing, sight is growing, hearing is becoming more acute. In fact, we put on faculties and powers in this life which we cannot use in this life. God is getting us ready for another birth. Then comes another crisis with darkness again. We pass into the shadows, then out of a world of alternate light and darkness and into a world of all light and no darkness. We awake in His likeness. We rise from our grave-couch; we greet a new day.

Since we know so much about the first life and the second life why should we not have the fullest confidence in the third life? Everything we know about ourselves tallies with all that we know about plants and trees, and both tally with what Jesus revealed in His risen life. Everywhere we turn our eyes the sequence is the same; death is the liberator of life, the revealer of life, the expander of life.

At this point a question arises, "Why, then, does this fear grip my heart when I think of death?" The Bible ascribes a very good reason. Sin has put a sting into death. Flowers are not afraid to die. Animals are not afraid to die. The little worm that wraps itself in its cocoon is not afraid to die. Why? Is it not because flowers and animals are conscious of no wilful departure from the Creator's plan for each life? If nature

could speak would it not be after some such fashion as this? "Loving Gardener, you made me a palm and a palm I will be. You made me a lily; I would neither carry the perfume of a violet nor the appearance of a sunflower."

On the other hand, man is filled with a thousand and one misgivings. For he has taken his life into his own hand in a proud spirit of self-determination. "Lord, I know you. You are a hard Gardener. You reap where you have not sown, and gather where you have not planted. I have a mind of my own. What I choose to be is what I have a right to be. I know better than any one else what is best for me. And I know a shorter cut, a more expeditious way to the goal of being. I am the master of my soul, I am the architect of my fate." Because of this cold finality a chilling fear grips the heart as the shadows lengthen.

But in view of all the circumstances, even this fear-element becomes an added hint of something beyond. It brings tears to my eyes to think of the vast multitudes of good, bad and indifferent people who go on stumbling over these shadows upon the ground, never realizing that the sunlight which casts them is instinct, a light reflected from Him who said, "Because I live ye shall live also."

I have talked with hundreds who have admitted, often reluctantly, that something put them out of touch with God before misgivings concerning the beyond took shape. They could almost name the

moment when the fear of death laid its chilling hand upon them.

To be sure, this is not always the case. Not infrequently, people of reverent faith and exemplary lives are afflicted by this fear-guest, the origin of which is not easy to trace. But whatever the cause, here is the point of absorbing interest; there is a cure.

"The sting of death is sin . . . but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." The man who wrote thus had attained the victory. Once he, too, was a disbeliever—a rampant disbeliever. As such he set out for Damascus breathing threatenings and slaughter against those who did believe that God raises souls as a farmer raises corn. The matter of resurrection had been discussed pro and con for no one knows how long, and the thing was preposterous upon its face. But God graciously produced the living evidence of resurrection before He arrived—the living, resurrected Christ. Saul was convinced, in sheer intellectual defeat achieving the greatest victory of knowledge, and he cried out exultantly, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? . . . Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." And this victory becomes ours when we accept the evidential value of Christ, the first fruit of the raising.

I close with an incident in which I read many

things. It is about flowers, and surely flowers are truly the alphabet of the heart. A member of my congregation presented me with a beautiful lilac bush, shortly after my honoured father slipped away to seek and to find the door to the Father's house. The bush was dressed with ribbons and all the customary finery of the Easter season. "Wife," said I, "we must take this to our summer home and plant it beside the front porch." We did so, but sad to relate, the flowers and leaves dropped off. Throughout the summer we endeavoured to nurse the plant back to life without success. Finally I dug it up and cast it into the lake. One day, in the following summer, my wife came rushing up from behind the boathouse crying, "Come here! Come here!" I went. And would you believe it, there was my lilac bush growing! The bleak winds, buffeting waves and thick ice-floes of winter had taken the discarded plant and literally planted it among the rocks on shore with the command, "Live! Live!" Very tenderly I dug it up and carried it to a place of conspicuous honour where it tosses its plumed head to this day.

I have a feeling that I am looking into the hearts of many who have felt themselves forever dead in trespasses and sins and wholly cast aside. Once they bloomed in some garden of the Lord. Perhaps some one was unkind enough to say, "You are a pretty fine sort of Christian, you are!" Or this: "If you can't bring more glory and credit to

the Church than you are doing you had better get out." Some soul-blight destroyed the early freshness of life's bloom, striking at the very roots of spiritual being. Then came a wrench, as death robbed you of a cherished idol. And, later, you found yourself adrift. Winters have chilled you, winds of doctrine have blown you hither and yon. At last you find yourself cast up on a rock-bound shore and you are still alive, capable of bearing blossom. As a minister of the risen Christ, I would plant you again in that garden of childlike trust where, other things to the contrary notwithstanding, the purest and sweetest flowers of faith and peace and love have ever bloomed. Here may your life develop, under the warmth of God's love, until death comes to liberate, reveal and multiply your life.

"That which thou sowest is not quickened [made alive] except it die."

VIII

TWICE-TOLD TRUTHS

By

HUGH THOMSON KERR, D. D.

Pastor, Shadyside Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BROADCAST FROM STATION KDKA

HUGH THOMSON KERR *is by birth a Canadian, having been born in Elora, Ontario, April 12, 1864. He is a Bachelor of Arts (University of Toronto), Master of Arts (Western Theological Seminary), Doctor of Divinity (College of Emporia, Kansas and University of Pittsburgh), and LL. D. (Washington and Jefferson College). Dr. Kerr was ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1897, and since that year, has held four pastorates—Oakland Church, Pittsburgh; First Church, Hutchinson, Kan.; Fullerton Avenue Church, Chicago, and his present charge, Shadyside Church, Pittsburgh. A man of unswerving conviction, a preacher of strong, convincing declarations of Christian truth and doctrine, a most successful writer of sermons and addresses specially addressed to children, Dr. Hugh Kerr is a splendid asset of the Church of his choice, and the great city in which he labours.*

"TRANSCENDS ALL BARRIERS"

ON account of the fact that the service broadcasted from Shadyside Presbyterian Church is at an hour that does not necessitate absence from regular church worship, and also because of the regularity with which it has been maintained over a period of nearly two years, we have had peculiar advantages enabling us to come to certain very well-defined conclusions.

The service has undoubtedly quickened interest in our own church and caused the second service of the day to be possessed of a value unthought-of before the days of broadcasting. The service is attended by many people who come from great distances and from near-by towns. A Sunday or so ago a stranger in introducing himself said he had not been in a church for eight years but the radio had discovered him. When I said, "The radio is uncovering a lot of men like you," he replied, "That admits of no argument. It's *so*."

Each week increases our appreciation of the value given and received by the broadcasting of religious services. Unsolicited, from all parts of the country, from Canada, from points at sea, letters and messages keep coming in, which reflect the good accomplished. Sometimes we receive an account of a real conversion. Again, it is the record of a decision to return to the worship of the church. We hear from the blind, the bed-ridden, the partially deaf, the aged, from little children, from travellers in hotels, from veterans in infirmaries, from inmates in prison. A few letters strike a note of tragedy, some contain a few words of counsel, many, messages of gratitude, and all sentiments of appreciation.

The radio is one of the greatest opportunities ever presented to the Church. It transcends all barriers of race and creed. It ignores all religious prejudice and race antagonism and enables the Word of the Lord to go out to the ends of the earth. And as a church, we at Shadyside try to respond to the opportunity.

—HUGH THOMSON KERR.

VIII

TWICE-TOLD TRUTHS

"Precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line, here a little, there a little." —ISAIAH 28: 13.

THESE words are familiar words. They have become a proverb. They are commonplace. The situation out of which they arose, however, is far from being commonplace. It is dramatic. It is one of the most tragic situations ever presented in any literature. A few words will make this situation plain.

We go back seven centuries before Christ. The Assyrian power had arisen in the East, and was hanging like a thundercloud over the world. Israel, confident in her position, had grown both prosperous and careless, and the people of Ephraim, dwelling in the plain of Esdraelon, luxuriated in the heritage of rich harvests repeated summer after summer. You can hear those fertile valleys laughing and singing in the summer sunshine; the language of the prophet reflects the richness and prosperity of the land. Those valleys have since become a historic spot in the world's history, for it was there that Allenby crushed the forces of the Turk and hastened on the end of the

Great War. The prophet calls it a crown of pride and speaks of the flower of its glorious beauty. Prosperity and luxury abounded.

Luxury and prosperity, however, usually bring forth disaster and overthrow. The nation had surrendered to what the world calls a good time, and a good time meant feasting and drinking. It is a terrible indictment the prophet brings for he calls things by their right names. He is dealing with the people in high society, but he describes their banquets as ordinary drunken revels. Priests and people alike mingled in an orgy of debauchery. It is a good thing to call things by their right names. If a masquerade ball, or a ten-course banquet, even if it be carried on in high society, becomes a champagne carousal, why not call it so? The vividness of the prophet's words startles us. "Even these reel with wine, and stagger with strong drink; the priest and the prophet reel with strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they stagger with strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean."

The prophet measured his words. He pronounced judgment upon the people and sought to awaken them from their stupid sensualism. They looked up from their wine bowls and laughed scornfully in his face. "Are we children in long clothes that he should be always preaching at us and repeating his pious platitudes and his monot-

onous moralities? We have heard all he has to say over and over again until it has become wearisome and ridiculous, for what is it but precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little, until we have become tired of his stale morality and his religious mummeries?" We have heard that complaint before. Isaiah is not the only preacher who has been charged with repeating old sermons and hashing up pious platitudes to his people. Paul had to face a similar charge for the people turned upon him with a sort of pitying compassion, saying, "We will hear what this babbler, this seedpicker, this trafficker in trifles, this religious baby-talker has to say." It is a compliment to a preacher rather than a condemnation, that he repeats the simplicity of morality and rings the changes upon the central doctrines of conduct and of life.

The prophet, however, was not silenced. He received their mocking sarcasm and thrust at them their own reproach. "Yes," he said, "that is God's way. God's way is precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little, and there a little." The words in the original have a monotonous drawl to them, suggestive of mockery, and the prophet announces that if the religious warnings which have been given them have been monotonous, so, too, will God's judgment be mockery, a repetition of line upon line, precept upon precept. Just as words have followed words, so will deed follow deed in a

rhythmic repetition. For, after all is said and done, morality is monotonous. Truth is a twice-told tale. The rules of life, of honour, of well-being, and well-doing are singularly simple and murderously static. Virtue is no puzzle problem, but a plain path in which all may walk, and so the prophet hurls his challenge at these mocking sensualists. He advances upon his thought and in thundering sentences tells them that shame, sin, and hell and the penalty and punishment of sin will be singularly monotonous. God can repeat and repeat and repeat in judgment as well as He can repeat the invitation of mercy's magnificent offer.

The judgments of God are as monotonously regular as are His proffered forgiveness and pardon. A great preacher has pictured hell as a cold and barren territory where the fires of love and truth and purity have burned themselves out and left nothing but the ashes and cinders of overthrown ideals. Lord Byron looked upon his wasted life and said, "My days are in the yellow leaf." What could be more suggestive of monotony? "The judgments of God," says the prophet, "are singularly monotonous, for the word of Jehovah shall be unto them precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, there a little; that they may go, and fall backward, and be broken, and snared, and taken." The steps to darkness, downfall and defeat have a marvellous similarity about them. The

career of the thief, the drunkard, the gambler, the man or the woman who lives a double life has nothing new about it. There is no novelty about such a career for the tragedy ends in a conscience that becomes callous and life comes to a place where sensation no longer makes its appeal, and where the heart no longer thrills to any new experience.

The same is true of religion. The truth that saves is as simple and sublime as simplicity can make it. The road of righteousness is a highway which none can miss, and nothing is needed in the Church and in the world so much as the retelling to all people the simple truths of religion. We are obsessed to-day with a passion for novelty. We are like the Athenians who lived in a sort of mad intoxication to hear or see some new thing. Coming out of a long retreat in the country Lord Tennyson once asked a lonely woman on a farm what the news was? She responded, "There is no news except the old news that Christ loved me and gave Himself for me." The poet answered, "Yes, that is *old* news and *new* news and *good* news." Well, there is no novelty in religion except the novelty that comes in the lives of those who translate the old news and the good news of the Gospel into the experience of transfigured living.

If the attempt must be made it would be possible to sum up the truths of the whole religious life in two or three brief sentences. For the facts of

religion are twice-told truths. Suppose we try, and after I have finished you can make your own outline of "precept upon precept, line upon line," by which we live and by which we die.

I

The first fact of religion is, "Be sure your sin will find you out." That is the first light that is swung in the darkness. It was the first word on the lips of John, the forerunner of Christ, "Repent, repent." It was the first word on the lips of Jesus, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." It did find the revellers out, for, confirmed in their stupidity, they went on with their revelling and their carousing, until the Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold and swept Samaria off the page of history. Nothing is more true than that

> *The Moving Finger writes; and having writ*
> *Moves on. . . .*

The law of the harvest is inevitable and whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap. It is not true that sin discovers itself to the police, but it does discover itself to the person who has sinned. Sooner or later sin comes home. If you will read the words, "Be sure your sin will find you," the thought becomes plain. Two years after the Russo-Japanese War, when peace had been made, and life had settled down into domestic and na-

tional tranquillity, a little village on the sea of Japan was awakened out of its sleep one night by an explosion that shook the earth, and ten men lay dead upon the seacoast, and one hundred and fifty-six were wounded. What had happened? A powder mine, a heritage of the war, which had floated for two long years upon the waves, had at last come home. Sin has the mysterious power of exploding where least expected. "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

II

The second fact of religion is, "Repentance always ensures forgiveness." There is no truth more perpetually heralded by prophets all down through the ages than this, that they who turn from sin to God will be forgiven. The banner of God's love floats out over the world. He will abundantly pardon. "Return unto me and I will return unto you." He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. God's mercy is boundless. This is the Gospel story and he who turns from sin anywhere or any time in all God's universe will find God's hand upon his arm and the burden of his iniquity lifted. This is the Gospel message, "We believe in the forgiveness of sins." Science and philosophy have nothing to say about love, forgiveness, and love asks no reasons but forgives everything. Hawthorne in *The Scarlet Letter* got

at the heart of the matter when he pictured Arthur Dinnesdale confessing his guilt publicly and so escaping from the vengeance of his pursuer and entering into the place of peace. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

III

The third fact of religion is, "God only can give repentance." The problem of the religious life is not to find forgiveness. God stands ready to forgive and to love us graciously. The father is ever waiting for the return of the prodigal. That is not the problem of life. The problem of life is to find repentance, for repentance means a change of mind, and to change a man's mind is the most difficult thing in the world. You who are fathers and mothers do not need any emphasis of this fact. The problem which you have with your son or your daughter is not at all a problem of forgiveness. Forgiveness stands at an open door. The problem is how to get the mind of that young man so changed that he will look at life and his home and at religion in the way you wish him to. That is the miracle which is beyond the power of man to perform. The preacher who tells you that all that is necessary to salvation is a change of mind is telling you nothing, for to change men's minds needs more than advice.

What is wanted to-day in Europe but a change

of mind on the part of Germany, and a change of mind on the part of France, so that instead of hatred and suspicion there will be good will and mutual confidence? Who will change the mind of those who are self-centered and pleasure-seeking? Well, I will tell you what will change their mind. The Gospel of the grace of God will do it. The Cross of Calvary will do it. God Himself will do it, for it is He who seeks the lost, and it is His spirit working through the Cross and through the life and death of Christ that changes men's minds and sets their feet in the way of truth. It is one of the doctrines of Christianity that repentance is a gift of God. Christ came to give repentance and repentance is found in His presence and at the foot of His Cross. God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself. The New Testament tells us distinctly that Christ was crucified, is risen, and exalted, "to give repentance to Israel and remission of sins." Men change their minds about God when they understand the Cross of Christ. The Cross is God's searching, seeking, saving.

I sought the Lord, and afterward I knew
He moved my soul to seek Him, seeking me;
It was not I that found, O Saviour true;
No, I was found of Thee.

Thou didst reach forth Thy hand and mine enfold;
I walked and sank not on the storm-vexed sea,—
'Twas not so much that I on Thee took hold,
As Thou, dear Lord, on me.

I find, I walk, I love, but, O the whole
Of love is but my answer, Lord, to Thee;
For Thou wert long beforehand with my soul,
Always Thou lovedst me.

Dr. Robert F. Horton tells of a young man of his acquaintance who had gone wrong and who in his loneliness, fearful and timid, wrote home asking if there was any hope for him. The father sent a telegram which consisted of one word. The one word was "home," and it was signed "father." The Gospel which we preach is God's message to a sinful world, summed up in one word, "home," signed by one name, "Father." This is the language of redemption, and it is an old, old story, monotonous to many, foolishness to some, a stumbling block to others, but to those who have power to receive it and accept its message it becomes righteousness, salvation, and eternal life.

Do not say you have heard it all before. Do not pronounce the grace of God and the Cross of Christ commonplace. All great or glorious things are commonplace. The sun and the stars are commonplace. The flowers that bloom or the birds that sing are commonplace. They are commonplace, yet they are supreme. So it is with the simplicity of the Gospel. What is it but precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little, foolishness to some, a stumbling block to others, but to those who are being saved it is the power and the wisdom of God?

IX

THE FINISHED WORK OF CHRIST

By

CLARENCE EDWARD MACARTNEY, D. D.

Pastor, Arch Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

BROADCAST FROM STATION WIP

CLARENCE EDWARD MACARTNEY—*at the time this volume goes to press—is Moderator of the General Assembly of his Church. Nominated by Hon. William Jennings Bryan, Dr. Macartney was elected over Dr. Charles R. Erdman on the first ballot, at the annual meeting of the Assembly, held at Grand Rapids, Mich., May, 1924. Born at Northwood, Ohio, September 18, 1879, Clarence E. Macartney graduated from Wisconsin University and Princeton Seminary, was ordained in 1905 and in the same year was installed as pastor of First Church, Paterson, N. J., where he remained for nine years. He came to Arch Street Church, Philadelphia, in 1914, where he has since remained, although pressed, in the meantime, to accept a call from more than one important pastorate. He received his D. D. degree from Geneva College (Beaver Falls, Pa.). Dr. Macartney is a staunch, uncompromising conservative in his theological beliefs and outlook. For several years he has been one of the outstanding advocates of that position, not only in his own presbytery, but throughout the country. As Mr. Bryan said in his nominating speech: "Dr. Macartney has linked himself inseparably with the fundamental tenets of the creed of our Church."*

"THE INVISIBLE LANES OF THE AIR"

AT first, I had some misgiving about the broadcasting of sermons, fearing that it would be too much of a departure from the severe dignity of Presbyterian forms of worship, and that the overtures of the Gospel would be received with indifference or jesting in all sorts of places and from people in all kinds of attitudes and frames of mind. But these fears have not been realized. Even when heard in the most unlikely places, such as cigar-stores and club rooms, the sermon from the church produces a wholesome effect. Men seem to realize that they are hearing part of a church service and deport themselves accordingly. In one place within my knowledge cigars and cards were laid aside as the men listened reverently to the preaching of the Word. Many have sent for the hymn-books used to enable them to join in the singing, and thousands of unseen heads are decently bowed with the visible congregation when the minister prays.

The most touching ministry of the radio is to the sick and the aged. Hundreds of letters have come to me from these invalids or from their grateful friends. After months, perhaps years of invalidism, shut out from the music and the press of life, suddenly they have heard stealing in upon them the notes of *Rock of Ages*, or *Jesus Lover of my Soul*, have heard the Bible read, the Word of God preached, and a minister of Christ pray for them. What wonder that tears of gratitude to God have coursed down the furrows of these aged faces!

The radio reaches a vast number of the unchurched and the indifferent. Those totally ignorant of the Gospel are not confined to darkest Africa or to "India's coral strand." There are thousands of them in Philadelphia. Now they are hearing each week the story of the Redeemer's death for the sins of the world. It is a strange thing, but the broadcasting stations report that they have more returns from the sermons they send out than from all the secular entertainments, jazz-bands, banquet-speeches, and concerts and kindred programs which fill the invisible lanes of the air during the week. This shows that the religious instinct is the predominant instinct in the human breast. Religions die, but not religion. Man is incurably religious, and the radio, this great triumph of man's creative genius, has been drafted to serve man in the highest and noblest area of his life—the soul.

—CLARENCE E. MACARTNEY.

IX

THE FINISHED WORK OF CHRIST

"It is finished."—John 19: 30.

THIS was the last cry of One who was dying a criminal's death by crucifixion on a barren skull-like hill outside Jerusalem nineteen hundred years ago. On either side of Him hangs a dying thief. Surely the world will little note, nor long remember, what any of these three dying malefactors have to say. Yet that last cry of the crucified Jesus has echoed around the world and through the centuries. Age after age, nation after nation, people after people have caught it up and repeated it. Never has it been permitted to die into silence, and here to-night, in a part of the world not then known to exist, the followers of that Jesus hear it echoing around the walls of the church where they gather to worship His Name. "It is finished!"

There are some things which can come to a conclusion, and no one cares whether they are finished or not; no one would care if they had never been commenced. But here we have the proclamation that the greatest of all works has been finished by the greatest of all workers.

Our human lives are haunted by the incomplete

and the unfinished. Our unfinished plans and undertakings lie all about us to mock us and taunt us. We began to build, but did not finish. Even the most thoughtful and earnest will have to confess at the end of his day what the grim soldier of Israel confessed as he lay dying, "there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." No matter how hard you labour, that thought will sadden you at the end, the things undone, the land unpossessed.

There was sadness, indeed, in the death of Jesus: Behold and see if there is any sorrow like unto My sorrow! But it was not the sadness of the incomplete and the unfinished. Steadily and without haste or confusion He did His work. All that He had come to do, He accomplished. No part of His work was left undone, and no part of it had to be done over again. Now, from the sublime elevation of the Cross He surveys the battlefield of His life, and cries out with a shout that thrilled the heavens and startled the earth and shook the foundations of hell, "It is finished!"

Did the Roman soldiers throwing dice at the foot of the Cross and impatient for the three criminals to die so that they might go back to their barracks and brothels in the city, did they know what He meant? Did the scribes and the Pharisees and the crowd which railed at Him and mocked Him? Did His disciples standing afar off? Did even His own mother, with the sword piercing her heart? All that was expressed in that

cry of Jesus it will take eternity itself to unfold. The best that we can do now is to catch and hold a few faint echoes of that final cry. Standing on the shore of this ocean of redemption we gather only a few shells and put them to our ears that we may hear some echo of its greater deep.

I. The Sufferings of Christ are Ended

The physical sufferings of Jesus must have been intense. A cruel people had invented crucifixion as an instrument of execution, and the purpose of it was not only to put to death, but to kill with the greatest possible amount of torture. Nor did it fail of that end. But we must not dwell too much on the physical sufferings of Christ. They were great, but probably not greater than those of the two thieves at His side, save as Jesus was less accustomed to scenes of bloodshed and horror, and His frame more delicate and His nervous system more sensitive to pain.

The real suffering of Christ was His contact and His relationship with sin. In coming to save the world He was made in the likeness of sinful flesh. The favoured child of the highest civilization is conscious of a deep distress when he finds himself in the habitation of savages and barbarians. Every sight and odour and custom sicken and disgust him. That is the distress which one man feels when in contact with other men of a different habit and station. But the distress of Christ was the dis-

tress of God face to face with sin. Sinners ourselves, and living with sinners and breathing every hour a poisoned atmosphere, we have no conception of what sin is, how ugly, hideous, loathsome, ghastly. Only God can know that. The sufferings of Jesus, therefore, were the sufferings of Incarnate Purity and Holiness in daily contact with sin. After Jesus had died and risen again, His apostles began to understand what it meant, the suffering and condescension of Christ in coming to save the lost. They marvel and wonder at God's love, not love for man as man, but His love for man as a sinner. "Herein," they said, "is love, that God commendeth His love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." When the Church ceases to wonder at that, ceases to sing of it and to proclaim it, the Church is dead!

We like to boast how Jesus was charged with friendship with sinners. "This man receiveth sinners." It was, indeed, His glory. But it was also His suffering. Every day that He lived, every place that He went, the Temple, the whitewashed homes of Capernaum, the ruler's mansion, the boats of the fishermen—sin, sin, sin! Perhaps that was the reason that He went out in the desert at daybreak to pray, or climbed the mountains in the night—to get away a little from the presence of sin.

But it was not just the contact with sin on other lives that constituted the sufferings of Jesus. His

deeper and more mysterious suffering was the actual experience of the sins of others in His own life. Him who knew no sin God made to be sin on our behalf. He tasted our death and was made a curse on our behalf. It is this fact, and this alone, which explains the agony of Gethsemane with its bitterest cries and its bloody sweat. If it was just the physical torture of the Cross from which Jesus was shrinking, then Celsus and all the infidels after him are right when they mock at Jesus and show how many a soldier on the field of battle, many a criminal at the stake or the cross, many a sick man on his bed of pain, has met death with more fortitude than did Jesus. But it was not the physical torture from which Jesus was shrinking. It was the torture and woe of sin. He was bearing the sins of all men in His own body on the tree. He was drinking the sinner's cup and passing into the sinner's darkness of separation from God. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" This was why He cried, "If it be possible let the cup pass from me! O my Father, with whom are all powers and all resources of heavenly wisdom, if the world can be saved, if sinners can be redeemed in some other way, if the ransom can be paid at any less cost, if thou canst devise some other way than that the Son of God should be made sin for the sinner and take his woe and curse, then let the cup pass!" But there was no other way. This was the only way. Hence, the cries of

Gethsemane and the drops of bloody sweat which distilled upon His brow. No wonder the sun veiled its face and the earth shook when He died on Calvary.

But now all that is over; the sufferings of Christ are ended, and ended forever. Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus, late in your confession of love, take down His body from the Cross and wrap it in the clean linen cloth. Women who loved Him and followed Him, come now and anoint His body with your spices and with your tears. The storm is past; the sufferings of Jesus are ended. "It is finished!" As Jesus Himself said in the day of the Resurrection, "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into his glory." Yes, His sufferings are ended, and His glory has commenced.

II. The Atonement, the Great Sacrifice for Sin Was Finished

Christ suffered, but His sufferings were to this great end, to make an atonement for sin. God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself. This is what our fathers meant by the "finished work" of Christ. The older theologians used to discuss the question as to whether God willed first to create, and then to save; or first to save, and then to create. There is much in the New Testament which would support the thought that God willed first to save. So far as we know, God's plan to

redeem man is the greatest work that God ever planned. The apostles trace this stream of redemption back to times eternal, before the foundation of the world, and John called Christ the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." In its inception and in its effects the atonement is eternal. But as a work of salvation it was finished when Christ died on the Cross.

As soon as sin appeared God appears as a Redeemer. The seed of the woman is to bruise the head of the serpent; then God calls a family, and then a nation, and makes known His ways unto Moses, and His acts unto the children of Israel. He delivers them with mighty acts of His power, by divided sea and flowing rocks, and bread coming down from heaven, breaking through the thick rind of the visible and material, and saying to them, "Lo, I am here!" He gave laws and rites, and altars and temples and tabernacles, and sent prophets and priests and kings, and plagues and judgments and catastrophes, and conquests and exile; but through it all there runs the increasing purpose of preparing for the work of Christ as Redeemer from sin. At length, in the fullness of time, the angels sang over the cradle at Bethlehem, and He came as it had been written of Him. His flight into Egypt, His blessing in the temple, His silent years at Nazareth, His baptism in the Jordan, and His temptation in the wilderness, His sermons on the hillside or by the seashore, His miracles that

He wrought, His transfiguration, His last supper, His betrayal by Judas, and His denial by Peter, His trial, His being buffeted and spit upon, His crown of thorns, His staggering beneath the Cross, all this, all the events of His life up to the last blow that drove home the last nail was in preparation for the work of atonement, which was ended when He cried from the Cross, "It is finished!" The long exile of the human soul is ended; the sinner can come home; God can remain just, and yet the justifier of them that believe in Jesus.

In recent years the center of Christianity has slowly been shifted from God to man, and even Christian preaching seems to be more interested in what man is and what man can become, than in what God has done. The great thing in Christianity is not what man has done or can do, but what God has done. There are times when the ideals, the precepts, the appeals of Christianity seem to us the strong and the real things. But the hour will come to us all when the great thing in Christianity will be its remedy, what God in Christ has done for man as a sinner. If standing in the pulpit these eighteen years has taught me anything, it is that when I speak to men about their capacity and their possibility and their temptations, and how to guard against them, I am doing them little permanent good; but when I tell them what Christ has done for them I am bringing them face to face with the greatest of all facts, the only sav-

ing truth and the truth which, above all others, restores and sets free all the latent powers of the soul.

The mistake men make is to think that they can earn instead of receive their salvation. You can do nothing to earn it; when you have done what you can you are but an unprofitable servant. All that you can do is to receive it, and it is received through faith in Christ as a Redeemer. Will you take it? Will you receive it? For the joy set before Him Christ endured the Cross and despised the shame. What, think you, was that joy? The writing of His name with an imperishable record among men and nations? The applause of the angels? The despair of the powers of darkness? No, not this. That joy was the joy of saving a soul from sin. Will you give Him that joy?

III. The War With Evil Was Finished

John Milton brings *Paradise Regained* to a close with the story of the Temptation of Jesus. It ought not to have ended there, but at the Cross, for the gate to heaven was opened when Christ died on Calvary. Nevertheless, before Christ could offer Himself up on the Cross as sacrifice for sin He had to be sinless Himself. He had to win the victory over sin in His own life before He could pay the price of man's redemption. He had to be able to throw out His challenge, "Which of you convicteth me of sin?" Thus He was qualified

to die for us and obtain for us eternal redemption. When this great work was ended, when the sinless Christ died on the Cross, the age-long conflict between good and evil came to a sudden and dramatic ending. Hell groaned when Christ died. Satan's empire fell when Christ cried from the Cross, "It is finished!"

But has it fallen? Will not the newspaper tomorrow morning present to us the ghastly photograph of the world's sin and evil; wars, international, civil, and domestic; cruelty, oppression, and vice in every shape? What do the powers of darkness care about the death of Christ? What do they care for its proclamation? How idle to talk of the fall of Satan's empire! Yet, I say that it is fallen. I declare it by the authority of God, and in the Name of Jesus Christ. Sin is finished. The Kingdom of Satan is doomed. War is finished, hate is finished, lust is finished; finished is every dark system of evil and every soul-corrupting and soul-destroying temptation. Yes, the first-born child of sin, death itself, is finished, because Christ died on the Cross. All these evils, though to us still dreadful and formidable, have received their death stroke, and unlike the beast of the Apocalypse, their death stroke cannot be healed. Christ reigns from the Cross. The building of a new humanity has not yet been completed, but the foundation has been laid. And when the building has been completed, when all the redeemed have

been brought in, when every stone, polished after the similitude of a palace, has been fitted into place, that glorious temple of a saved world will rest upon the sure foundation which Christ laid upon Calvary.

In his great Vision of the future, John stood at the end of the ages. The long conflict between good and evil has come to an end; the quick and the dead, the small and the great, have been judged and passed to their appointed destiny; every engine of war and commotion has fallen, and the discord and strife of sin have been succeeded by infinite and universal peace; the new heavens and the earth have taken the place of the old, and the City of God comes down from heaven like a bride adorned for her husband. Then He that sat upon the throne cried, "It is done! I am Alpha and Omega." It was He who cried from the Cross, "It is finished!" Between the cry of the crucified and rejected Christ on the Cross and the cry of the King upon His throne stretches the history of the race and the evangelization of the world. From the Cross Christ cried, "It is finished!" And now, upon the throne of a regenerated humanity, with a new heaven and a new earth in which sin and pain and sorrow and death have fled away, He surveys His victory for God and for man and cries, "It is done!" So, Lord Jesus, Thy Kingdom come and Thy will be done!

X

HOLDING FAST

By

FREDERICK N. McMILLIN, D. D.

Pastor, First Presbyterian Church, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BROADCAST FROM STATION WLW

FREDERICK N. McMILLIN *was born in Mount Gilead, Ohio, and graduated from Wooster College and McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago. During his twenty-six years of ministerial life he has had but two pastorates—that of Memorial Church, Dayton, Ohio (twelve and a half years), and his present charge (thirteen and a half years). He has the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Divinity from the College of Wooster. During the Great War Dr. McMillin served seven months overseas as chaplain in the American Expeditionary Force, and is now a captain in the Officers' Reserve Corps of the United States Army and is attached, for active duty, to the One Hundred and Forty-seventh Infantry (Cincinnati's regiment of the Federal National Guard). For twelve years he has been President of the Church Extension Board of Cincinnati, and under his leadership, the Presbyterian Church has become the largest of the Protestant bodies in Cincinnati. Dr. McMillin has always been an athlete and he practices with the Cincinnati baseball team, many of the members of which attend the services of his church. Best worth recording of all is the fact that, during the twenty-six years of his ministry, Dr. McMillin has received an average of more than one hundred persons each year into church membership. This he attributes to his unswerving devotion to the evangelical faith. His present church, with its one thousand and twenty-eight members, is the largest of the forty Presbyterian churches in the city of Cincinnati.*

A CRIPPLE WOMAN WHO WILL NEVER WALK AGAIN HEARS THE SERVICE

THE good results obtained from the use of the radio to broadcast our Sabbath evening services have exceeded our most optimistic expectations. Many in our own membership who, because of age, illness, the care of little children and other reasons, cannot attend the evening service greatly profit from these services. Numerous reports have come to us that radio listeners who attend no church have been deeply impressed by the sermons, prayers, the Scripture and the music, and some of them have come to our services in person. Our attendance on the evenings we broadcast has been consistently larger than on the evenings we have not used the radio.

Numerous appreciatory letters have come from remote places. One came from a lighthouse keeper fourteen miles out in the Gulf of Mexico off Fort Morgan, Alabama, telling how much good the service had done him and his two fellow-keepers in their lonely place of duty. A letter from two Scotchmen in a lodge in the forests of Northern Ontario states that the nearest church is thirty-five miles distant and that it is a great boon to hear the old Gospel preached and sung by "their mother church—the Presbyterian." A message came from an old lady of eighty-three years in Arkansas expressing, in touching language, her appreciation. An old man of ninety-two out on Colerain Avenue, Cincinnati, telephoned that the radio meant that he could "have a church service now, though before it was impossible." We bought a radio-set for a crippled woman who will never walk again and lying in her bed she hears the service. An ex-saloon keeper listened in and as a result has brought his family to our services.

Many, to-day, stay at home Sunday evenings, especially men, to listen to the sermons and the music, who otherwise would be in places and with associates not uplifting. A grandmother told me that her grandson who had always gone to the theatre on Sunday evenings now stays at home since they have a radio-set and listens to the church service. As one remembers the comfort, the instruction, the admonitions, the redemption the radio has brought and is bringing to many, we think also of the inspired saying: "The Lord gave the Word! Great was the company of them that published it."

—FREDERICK N. MCMILLIN.

X

HOLDING FAST

"Hold fast that which is good."—1 THESSALONIANS 5 : 21.

THIS is the plea of a great mind and a great soul to hold fast in thought, in faith and in practice to that which is good. It is a timely plea for it becomes increasingly evident that while it is wise and helpful to accept all that is good and true in that which is new, there are some vital things—truths, principles, methods, ideals—which are very old and very good. To these we do well to hold fast.

The saying of the writer of the *Book of Proverbs*—"Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set," is very much in point. How descriptive of some superficial foolish folks of the present time are the words of Paul the Apostle—"Preach the word . . . for the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but . . . heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth"! How much in point, to-day, is the quaint saying of the old lady—"It is better not to know so much, than to know so much that ain't so"!

The Apostle urges all to hold fast to the vital truths of Revelation. It was not by accident that just before he said "hold fast that which is good," he had said "despise not prophesyings." As we ponder the moral, the social, the spiritual conditions of the times, we see how much many need to hold fast to the old Book which has been the comfort to the hearts, the intellectual, moral and spiritual lamp to the feet and light to the paths of multitudes. The foolish mistake which certain so-called modernists and liberals make is in thinking that it is an indication of intellectual inferiority to hold fast to the old things which are good and a sign of intellectual superiority to discard old truths. Their foolishness would be amusing were it not harmful in its results.

Daniel Webster held fast to the old things which are good when he uttered his masterly defense of the Christian faith and faithful and loyal Christian ministers.

William Ewart Gladstone was a conservative when he wrote *The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture.* Paul was a wise man when he counselled young Timothy to avoid the "perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds and destitute of the truth" and to continue "in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of . . . and that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

Jesus held fast to that which is good when He said—" Search the Scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me."

A keen and successful business man in one of our great cities was asked recently what in his judgment is the matter with the present disturbed condition of things? This was his reply: " The trouble is that many men are fooling with the Ten Commandments and casting doubts and denials upon some of the fundamental teachings of the Christian faith. We need to get back to old truths, old principles, and safe paths of life." We need to hold fast to the fact that salvation from sin and eternal death is by faith in the salvation offered from His Cross by the pierced hands of the Son of God.

The overwhelming majority of the laymen in the Church hold fast to the old faith, the old Bible, the old substitutionary atonement made possible and actual by the shedding of the Saviour's blood without which there is no remission of sins. Their capable, sensible minds perceive the essential truths relative to the deity of the Son of God, that He was born of a virgin, that He wrought miracles, that proclaiming the divine purpose of His Incarnation and the divine program of His earthly life and ministry He said, " The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." They believe that He rose again from the dead the third day

with the same body in which He suffered and that as is stated, in so many places in the inspired Word, He is coming again to this world to establish faith, righteousness, and peace. They see as Dean Farrar saw so clearly and expressed so beautifully that, "as the East catches at sunset the colours of the West, so Bethlehem is but the prelude to Calvary, and even the Infant's Cradle is tinged with a crimson reflection from the Redeemer's Cross." It is unfortunate that some ministers (happily, relatively speaking, only a few) carried away by a foolish desire to appear very modern and up-to-date, offering to people the stone of long since discredited theories, doubts, and denials when they want that God-given Bread of Life of which, if any man shall eat, he shall never hunger, fail to heed the advice of the great Apostle. To them Paul speaks when he says—"Hold fast that which is good."

Instead of proclaiming negations it would be well if from every pulpit with love and passion and power, sermons should be preached appealing to the minds, the hearts, the consciences and the souls of men to hold fast to common honesty, to purity, to the right keeping of the Sabbath day, to respect for law, whether it be a law relative to liquor or any other law of the State or of God, to respect for parents, conscious that there is too much truth in what a great preacher, no longer in this world, once said—"Formerly the injunction

read, ' Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right,' now it reads, ' Parents obey your children after the prevailing fashion, for this is convenient.' "

For the sake of manhood, womanhood and childhood, for the sake of the home, the Church and the State, many need to be urged to hold fast to the sanctity of the marriage relationship. It is an old, but a very good saying, " What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." To all the other good the radio is accomplishing this is to be added that, according to the testimony of many, it is helping to reëstablish the home, the love of home and companionship in the home as husbands, wives and families gather in the evening hour to listen to the preaching of the old Gospel, to music, lectures and clean entertainments. The principles set forth in the Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule of Jesus have never been improved upon.

There have been other fine and helpful utterances, but the utterances of Him who spake as never man spake remain preëminent.

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

A great writer has given to literature a phrase which is expressive of a condition of thought and

life which is very desirable—"Plain living and high thinking." Many very much need to hold fast to a mode of living which is simple and satisfying. Life with many is too complex, too involved, too wearing. Among the great sayings of the inspired Word this is very timely—"Study to be quiet." It is not necessary, and it is not well, to go out every night and to do something every minute. To decrease our desires is to increase our happiness. It is well to take time to relax, to think, and to pray.

To permit one's self to be caught in the maelstrom of our modern rushing life is to incur physical, mental, moral and spiritual loss. Jesus knew how great this loss is when He said—"Come ye yourselves . . . apart and rest a while."

The old way of keeping the Sabbath was a good way, not only because it was far better for the character, and for the soul, but because it was far better for the tired bodies and the depleted nerve forces of men. My memory holds as a precious treasure the way the Sabbath was kept in childhood's days. There were rest and quiet, and a simple but satisfying meal. The family did not scatter in all directions immediately that meal was eaten, but united in kindly and helpful fellowship in the home. It was not an irksome day. To smile and to go out in helpful healing touch with God's great out-of-doors were not considered as being sinful. A portion of the Word was read and there

was prayer at the family altar. One of the sublime definitions of the Westminster Shorter Catechism was committed to memory. How fine and strong and noble and true do the statements of that Westminster Confession of Faith appear when contrasted with the puerile utterances of those who would rob the vicarious atonement of its power and the Church of its God-given faith!

As memory cherishes gratefully the old days, the old, blessed scenes and the old, saving truths, the words of Jeremiah are given a profound meaning —"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

Paul the greatest of the Apostles was wiser than some of to-day's blind leaders of the blind when he wrote—"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines. For it is a good thing that the heart be established with grace." It is well to hold fast to faith in our country, faith in the effectiveness of the old, blessed methods of church-work, the preaching of the old Gospel, a faithful and loving pastoral ministry and faith in our fellow-men as well as to faith in God. There is far too much of cynicism, distrust, despondency and scepticism in evidence to-day. Knowing, as every rational observer must know, that the conditions and the occurrences of the passing days are

striking fulfillments of the prophecies as to what would transpire before the Second Advent of the Son of God, we look with joy, and not with apprehension, for the promised Second Coming of our blessed Lord whenever God may send Him to establish perfect faith, righteousness and peace.

In the meantime, we hold fast to faith. The Church is making a great advance numerically and in every other way. Moral conditions in many respects are growing better and better. There is a growing respect for the majesty of the law. God is showering His blessings upon humankind. The overwhelming majority of Americans are honest, pure, God-fearing and law-abiding. The saying of the wise man in the Scriptures is very much in point—"Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this." The great Apostle would have us hold fast to our ideals and moral principles. It was said of Job, that in spite of all his temptations he held fast to his integrity. Doing so the nobility of his character stands revealed.

"What are temptations for but to meet and conquer and trample under feet and so be pedestaled in triumph!" There is a moral tenacity as well as a physical and a mental.

What inspiration in the words written by Alfred Tennyson of his friend Arthur Hallam!

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of his mind
And laid them: thus he came at length
To find a stronger faith his own.

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

For the sake of your influence upon others, for the sake of your peace of mind and conscience, for the sake of those who believe in you, for the sake of the life eternal, "hold fast to that which is good."

It is a fine thing to hold fast to confidence in the future—to believe that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." It is a great thing to hold fast to hope which is the "anchor of the soul both sure and stedfast." It is a heartening thing to hold fast to our faith in the life immortal, to know that "life is ever lord of death," and that "love can never lose its own"; to believe with Victor Hugo that "the tomb is not a blind alley, but a thoroughfare; it closes with the twilight but it opens with the dawning." It is a source of joy to hold fast to the certainty of heaven, to accept as altogether true the saying of Jesus—"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions . . . I go to prepare a place for you." The most practical, the most

matter-of-fact, the seemingly most care-free do well to cling to the revelation of that Homeland of the soul, where "beyond these voices there is peace." How sublime seem the words of the great Apostle—"Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering (for he is faithful that promised); . . . cast not away therefore your confidence . . . for ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God ye might receive the promise. For yet a little while, and he that shall come will come and will not tarry. Now the just shall live by faith . . . but we are not of them who draw back unto perdition; but of them that believe to the saving of the soul."

Of many a noble character it should be recorded as it was of Moses—"He endured as seeing him who is invisible." As citizens, realizing that insidious efforts are being made to weaken and destroy our Government, we propose to hold fast to sound and tested principles of government, and to a sane policy of national preparedness, that our nation may not be left defenseless in the hour of its need and danger. As conscientious men and women, realizing that character is the foundation of business prosperity, professional efficiency, peace, happiness, the welfare of the home and the State, we will live in harmony with the moral laws of God. As members of the Church founded on the confession of faith in the deity of the Son of God, we will hold

fast to the methods, the principles and the noble purposes which have made the Church the mighty power it has been for righteousness for the amelioration of the conditions of human existence, and the redemption of a multitude of immortal souls.

As loyal followers of Jesus Christ, we will not betray Him nor the faith in all that is revealed concerning Him which we have professed. We will hold fast to the Incarnation, the Virgin Birth, the miracle-working power of Christ, His sacrificial substitutionary death, His Resurrection with the same body in which He suffered, His Ascension to heaven and the promise of His Second Coming. With divine help we will "hold fast to that which is good."

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. . . . So God created man in his own image." An old statement this, but accepted by the greatest scientists and the greatest theologians of the passing centuries as being the only adequate explanation of the origin of the universe and of man.

"In him we live, and move, and have our being." "He is not far from every one of us." Old statements but very satisfying to the soul. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." An old saying but it has redeemed multitudes of lives and saved multitudes of souls. "Cast not away

therefore your confidence." "Acquaint now thyself with him and be at peace," and "hold fast to that which is good."

XI

LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS!

By

HERBERT BOOTH SMITH, D. D.

Pastor, Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, Calif.

BROADCAST FROM STATION KHJ

Herbert Booth Smith *is a Missourian, having been born in that State, August 7, 1883. He is a B. A. (Washington University), M. A. (Princeton University), a graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, and was ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1909. Occidental College (Los Angeles) conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and he is prominent in all church activities carried forward in the Western city. His present church, Immanuel Presbyterian, of which he has been pastor since 1916, has the third largest membership of the denomination in the United States. His previous pastorates were North Church, Rochester, N. Y., and Knoxville, Tenn. Dr. Smith is a popular platform lecturer, and an author of merit and distinction.*

BRINGING THE CHURCH TO THOSE WHO REFUSE TO GO TO THE CHURCH

ONE Sunday morning a gay crowd of passengers on the *Yale* (one of the two boats of the Los Angeles Steamship Company which ply regularly between Los Angeles and San Francisco), found themselves listening to jazz, and watching the dancers as they passed the hours of Sabbath morning in the whirl of the modern dance. Suddenly it was discovered that the radio of the ship had caught the message that was being sent out over the radio of the *Los Angeles Times*, the most powerful on the Pacific Coast. "It is a sermon," somebody tittered, and the crowd turned away, as if the last thing on earth they wanted to hear was a sermon.

But, little by little, the message gripped them and gradually the group listening to the sermon increased to one of large dimensions, and an atmosphere of reverent quiet settled down over the whole company. Thus was the Sabbath morning message brought to a large group of pleasure-seekers hundreds of miles out at sea. This simple incident shows that the radio is one way of bringing the church to those who won't go to the church. We read that Satan is the "prince of the power of the air" but radio shows that the power of the air can be used in the service of the King of kings, rather than in that of the cohorts of darkness.

—HERBERT BOOTH SMITH.

XI

LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS!

"Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help; and stay on horses, and trust in chariots, because they are many; and in horsemen, because they are very strong; but they look not unto the Holy One of Israel, neither seek the Lord."—ISAIAH 31 : 1.

THIS text taken from the prophecy of Isaiah discovers the grand old preacher of the ancient centuries warning the people against an alliance with Egypt. The prophet gives his reason for the warning in the statement that Jehovah will defend the city of Jerusalem. It seems to me that twentieth century prophets are needed, to-day, to warn the people of America not to trust in armies and navies, or horses and chariots, or to make alliance with the spirit of warfare; but to depend on the God of the Pilgrim Fathers, who is still the God of their succeeding race.

Some time ago I saw a cartoon which represented Europe as a weary, old lady holding a crying baby, from whose open mouth proceeded the mighty roar of war. On the front doorstep stood a meek-looking young woman on whose hat the dove of peace was perched. The young lady had her hand outstretched in argument and was en-

gaged in giving a peace talk. The old mother couldn't hear above the notes of the baby and said, "Speak louder. I can't hear a word you say." The cartoon was labelled, "Talking against Big Odds."

Well, the cartoon is not so apt to-day as it was August 1, 1914. The baby is not crying so loudly and the young woman's voice has a fair chance to be heard. Victor Hugo told us that nothing on earth is so powerful as an idea whose hour has come, and the idea of Peace is taking increasing possession of the minds of men. It is this idea which I bring you, and in doing so I want to say five things about war:

I. *War is contrary to the teachings of Scripture:* In making any quotation from the Bible one must take into consideration its context, the circumstances of the people to whom the message was addressed, and he must remember also the difference between the Old Testament times and the New. Now, when we turn to the Old Testament we discover, first of all, that very few thinkers of that time conceived of war as sinful. Many Old Testament writers regarded war as an instrument of Divine wrath poured out upon offending nations. A Jewish war-song calls the Lord a "man of war." It is recorded in the First Book of Chronicles that "many slain fell, because the war was of God"; and the Psalmist once says of God, "He teacheth my hands to war and my fingers

to fight," as though God believed in compulsory military service.

It may be surprising to some, however, to learn that Rabbi Mendes of New York City has pointed out that even the Old Testament has a solution for the problem of war. There were four steps in the Old Testament program: First: All males of twenty years old and upward were to be trained for war. This meant, of course, compulsory military service—a physical force to compel obedience to the verdict of the arbitration court. Second: A supreme court of arbitration to which appeal shall be compulsory by both contending parties. You see, therefore, that even in the Old Testament economy of the earliest days there was the institution of arbitration which made peace with honour possible. Third: This supreme court was to be composed of three elements, clergy, jurists and scientists. Formerly, peace courts were composed of lawyers and diplomats and politicians, but the Bible adds the clergy. Fourth: The penalty for disobedience to the court's decision was to be death, which in modern economic language would be translated boycott.

We now turn to the New Testament to see what its attitude to warfare is. There we see that the Kingdom of God is always conceived of as a reign of peace on earth. Jesus said that they that take the sword shall perish by the sword; and James tells us that wars are born of lust, covetous-

ness, and selfishness. One of our Lord's chief admonitions always was to trust in God and in righteousness, and not in material protection against evil.

Some time ago I saw on the fly-leaf of a book a cartoon called *Christ and War*. It pictured a field covered with shot and shell. In the center of the field stood a great engine used to hurl the shells on the enemy. Jesus was represented as having returned to earth, and He was being shown the latest devices in the fine art of murder in the aggregate. In the distance the bishop was praying God's blessing on the troops, and Christ was saying, "This, in My Name, after nineteen hundred years?"

And yet where blood and smoke and flame
Curl up to meet the sky,
The Saviour walked long years ago
Where armies fight and fly.
He told men how to live their lives
And how, in time, to die.

Where dying men gasped out their lives,
Where ruffled banners play,
Where blood lies on the dusty road,
Where hate is feared to-day;
Perhaps some blooming blossom shows
Where Jesus knelt to pray.

It ought to be clear, therefore, that war is inconsistent with the spirit of Christian democracy.

It is the kings who make war. One of the European rulers in addressing his troops said, "There is but one will and that is mine." President Nicholas Murray Butler in his address one year at the opening exercises of Columbia University said that the most significant statement he had heard in Europe, during the previous summer, was made to him on the third day of August by a German railway servant, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War. In reply to Dr. Butler's question as to whether he would have to go to the front, the old man said, "No, I am too old. I am seventy-two; but my four boys went yesterday. God help them. I hate to have them go for, sir," he added in a lower tone, "this is not a people's war, it is a kings' war and when it is over, there will not be so many kings." History proved the old German a true prophet.

War is not merely brutish but it is actually satanic. The brutes do not kill each other with scientific instruments of war; but they fight it out honestly. General Sir Ian Hamilton, who is a soldier and has lived a soldier's life, was unveiling a war monument some time ago. He told his audience that his whole attitude toward war had changed. "I have seen it in its splendour and in its tragedy," he said, "but since I have observed little children putting wreaths upon their fathers' graves I call it a satanic thing which must be ended." Now, if a great soldier says this, what

must a common civilian say? The one supreme task of the world, to-day, is to drive out warfare just as other years drove out the saloon and slavery.

II. *War is based on a wrong theory of the State:* Militarism is the doctrine of reliance upon, and exaltation of, armed force. Before the war, seven hundred books on military subjects appeared every year in Germany. Now back of militarism lies a wrong theory, a wrong conception of the State. That theory is that the State is not a moral entity. We all admit, of course, that States are composed of moral and responsible people; for example, when we think of the United States as a hundred million reasonably law-abiding people. When you lump those hundred million together and look at them as one unit, strange to say, the unit itself is not supposed to be guided by the principles which dominate the individual. Mr. Bryan is absolutely right in saying that our present movement is an insult to the whole spirit of organized Christianity; for the State has just as much right to be dominated by moral principles as the person. The mistake of the politicians is that they regard the State as an end in itself and hence whatsoever will serve to develop the interests of the government is not only a right but a duty.

National honesty, for example, is good as long as it pays. Until this fundamentally wrong conception of the State is changed, wars will continue

to be fought. Milton taught us long ago that a nation is simply an enlarged individual, and this conception of the nation is rightly assuming authority among the thinkers of the world. Former United States Senator Frank Cannon put it briefly this way: "You cannot have a people on the way to heaven and a nation on the way to hell."

We have kept Him out of its life too long;
We have put all else in that life but Him;
Putting God in the Nation's life, bidding us think;
Upward and forward and let us try.

III. *War is a criminal waste of money and settles nothing:* The economic argument appeals most strongly to some people and so I turn to that for a moment now. The World War cost more than the value of all the farming lands in the United States. It cost four times as much as the worth of all the gold and silver on this planet. In its early stages the War cost between two and three million dollars an hour; before it closed, it cost the world ten million dollars every hour! It cost Europe thirty thousand dollars for every man who died in it. We thought the Revolutionary War was rather expensive for it cost us one hundred and seventy million dollars, and lasted eight years; but we know now that it was a "bargain-counter" war, for we spent as much in seventeen hours in the World War as the Revolutionary War cost us in eight years! Ninety-three per cent. of the taxes in the

United States are now going for war purposes. France alone has a debt of forty-six billion dollars which equals one-half of its national wealth of ninety-two billion.

On March 26, 1913, Winston Spencer Churchill, First Lord of the British Admiralty, in submitting the naval estimate for the year to the House of Commons, spoke as follows: "The pitiful folly of what is occurring here and all over the world is such that a concerted effort to arrest or modify it should rank among the first of international obligations." His words were prophetic, for in less than a year and a half the World War broke out. "All nations are engaged in a mad, useless race," he added, and made the suggestion that for one year all the powers take a naval holiday in the matter of building warships and turn the money into more profitable channels. Charles M. Sheldon wrote a letter in which he said that if the money we plan to spend for arms were spent in the education of our people and the Christianizing of the world, we could end forever the war-loss of the nations. Suppose it were put into a Fund for the enforcement of the Dry Law, or Observance, or building good roads or any good reform, what untold blessing it would bring!

Their dens are always ankle deep
With twisted knives, and in their sleep
They often cut themselves; they say

That if you want to live in peace,
The surest way is not to cease
Collecting knives; and never a day
Can pass unless they buy a few,
And as their enemies buy them too,
They all avert the impending fray,
And starve their children and their wives
To buy the necessary knives.

All this might not be so foolish if war settled anything when it was over; but it does not. Viscount Cecil has pointed out that in modern war there is no such thing as victory;—what happens is that some nations lose more than others and some less. The victorious nations may suffer as much as the defeated ones. Even now, it is an open question who won the World War. Certainly here is an unanswered question—Who won the peace? Nobody knows.

IV. *War in the twentieth century means the suicide of civilization:* Ten million men in the prime of life lay down their lives on the battlefields of the World War. Appalling as this is, it is scarcely so bad were we following the original plan, in use centuries ago, under which only those men went to war who wanted to go. Later came the days in which only the men went to war who were paid to go. Then, at the time of the French Revolution, national conscription was first instituted. In 1870, Prussia made it a settled policy. Now it has become the recognized policy of twen-

tieth century States. Men, therefore, must go whether they desire to or not. What happens? This—conscription at first brings everybody in of the proper age; then the Draft Boards weed out the unfit; then, in the Training Camps, the men are put through the scales again with the result that, when the armies go out to battle, they represent the flower of the nations' manhood. The refuse, the left-overs, return home to be the fathers of the future generation. Can anything show more clearly than this war's effect on civilization?

Will Irwin says that April 22, 1915, is one of the outstanding dates in human history, because that was the first day when the Germans used poison-gas, and the allied soldiers were sent back to the hospitals coughing themselves to death. That day advertised to the world that all barriers were down and that nothing that science could discover was too horrible to be used in modern warfare. We have now in the United States a Lewisite gas which is invisible and heavier than air and which has this exquisite property: You do not have to breathe it. If it touches your skin anywhere, it is fatal. Nothing will grow for seven years in any landscape where it has been once used. Science has prostituted itself to devising means for destroying human life. That's what war does.

General Swinton of the British Army says that warfare in its final form will be that of germs and gas and lethal rays, which last, he says, will shrivel

up, paralyze or poison human beings. That's what is ahead of us in the next war. God help civilization, if we have another one! The only thing to do with civilization will be to bury it; for war and civilization cannot both go on. Will you listen to what a British Military Aviation Expert has recently told us? He was talking about the width of the three zones which the different types of airplanes were built to devastate. "No Man's Land which in the last war was two hundred yards wide will be three hundred miles wide in the next war; but the plan contemplates annihilation far beyond No Man's Land. Working and living underground will be the only expedient by which the population of city or country will have any chance at all to remain alive. That will be only temporary protection against starvation, for crops can't be raised underground. The new gases will kill all plants as well as human lives."

There you have it: the plan in the next war is for great fleets of airplanes to set out, not to fight each other, but to carry wholesale death to the enemy's cities and the non-combatants. For three hundred miles from each nation's nearest border the enemy will exterminate all life and create a No Man's Land more barren than any one in France or Belgium. For six hundred miles all railroads, highways, and canals will be destroyed. For one thousand miles the planes will fly with poison gas, disease germs and fire-bombs. No de-

fense is possible. The importance of the present situation lies in the fact that these government plans have not yet become government policies. As soon as the development crystallizes into a policy of any one government, all the others will follow and then our peace cries will be too late. Hence the importance of the present hour.

V. *War can be ended by the United States of America:* Roger Babson, the well-known statistician, once asked the President of the Argentine Republic what he thought was the reason for the contrast between North and South America, and this is the answer he received: "South America was settled by men from Spain in search of gold. North America was settled by the Pilgrim Fathers with a vision for God and a desire to serve Him." Professor Sumner has pointed out that a study of the map of the world reveals the fact that the land of the globe is divided into two great sections, namely Europe, Asia and Africa on the one side, and North and South America on the other. The distance of the New from the Old World makes it possible to make a new start here. There is a wonderful opportunity for us to break away from old ideals and make all things new. We might have shown the world at the Versailles Conference the uselessness of war and the supremacy of the Golden Rule. If we have lost our first chance, let us embrace this, our second one. Europe is saying to us, "You are free from the curse of militarism and are

in a position to exercise moral suasion and leadership." God grant that we may.

Sir Hall Caine, the famous British novelist, recently sent a letter to the ministers of America, telling about a forthcoming book of his in which he tries to set forth the most important message which he thinks the world needs to receive to-day. Let me quote a few sentences from that letter: "The truth, as I see it, is that the world lost its greatest opportunity at the Council of Versailles when, though it made a League of Nations a first condition of peace, it failed to make it universal in scope and supreme in power. Never before, perhaps, in the world's history has there been such a chance to put an end forever to the long martyrdom of man by war. How, and why the world lost that opportunity is a matter for divided opinion, but the fact is clear to all eyes that the nations are now groaning in pain and threatened by an apparently inevitable catastrophe which may wipe the very life of man off this planet."

We ought to remember what the psychologist tells us—that the spirit of democracy has passed through three stages. The first stage is self-assertion; the second stage is self-mastery; and the third stage is self-surrender. The highwayman who robs you on the road is living in the first stage, that of self-assertion. The man on the other side of the street who pays no attention to you is living in the second stage, that of self-restraint; but the

man who runs to your aid is living in the third story, that of self-surrender for the common good. God help America to be a Good Samaritan to a needy world.

VI. *The Church's task is to arouse America to a sense of her duty to-day:* May I in closing remind you that the great statesmen of the world have fallen back on religion as the only hope in the emergency in which we find ourselves in the year of grace, 1923? Men are saying openly, to-day, the things that the clergy have been saying all through the years. Every other device for peace has failed and they turn at last to the teachings of Christ. David Jayne Hill, who for three years was our Ambassador to Germany, wrote an article in which he discussed all the possible methods of securing lasting peace among nations, and he came finally to this conclusion: "No human device can permanently secure the peace of mankind. The one thing necessary to accomplish the result is that human nature shall be changed and the only method of doing that is to preach everywhere the Gospel of Goodwill."

Sir Hall Caine, in the letter before referred to, has said exactly the same thing. He believes that parliaments and cabinets and conferences can never lead us into peace. It will only be brought about by the return of individual men to the moral principles of Christ. He says we cannot expect the State to do it for she is blocked at every step by a

thousand impediments. We cannot expect the Press to do it, for she is daily beset by material temptations; and if the Church of Christ cannot lead us, then we are struggling in the night without any leader whatsoever.

Field-Marshal Lord Haig said to an audience in Britain some months ago: "The Gospel of Christ is the world's only social hope and the sole promise of world peace." Thereupon he summoned his audience to the crusade of freeing the whole world from the devastating scourge of war. General Tasker H. Bliss has said that the Christian Churches could secure limitation of armament, if, on a given day, the pastors would preach on the subject and congregations adopt resolutions and forward the same to congressmen. If Christians do not do this, he said they must be held responsible for every drop of blood which shall be shed and every dollar wastefully expended.

Oh, Christian men and women, let us summon our souls to this great crusade. Never a greater has been made in the days of the reform of world-wide evil. Let us

Follow the tide, awake or asleep
Till we see the dawn on Love's great deep,
And the shadows melt and the soul is free,
Our river of dreams has reached the sea.

In his poem, *Dies Irae Dies Pacis,* John Oxenham writes:

Only through Me shall victory be sounded;
Only through Me can Right wield righteous sword;
Only through Me shall peace be surely founded;
Only through Me, then bid Me to the Board.

XII

GOD'S WONDERS IN THE DARK

By
FREDERICK F. SHANNON, D. D.
Pastor, Central Congregational Church, Chicago, Ill.

BROADCAST FROM STATION WDAP

FREDERICK FRANKLIN SHANNON *is one of the most picturesque and eloquent preachers on the American continent. To be called to a pulpit that has been served by such men as David Swing, Newell Dwight Hillis and Frank W. Gunsaulus is proof positive that a man is of the "blood royal." To demonstrate, moreover, that his preaching powers are not one whit inferior to those of his famous predecessors in the pastorate of Central Church, Chicago, is additional evidence of Dr. Shannon's splendid gifts. He is, too, one of that rare and elect company of preachers whose sermons read just as well as they "listen." To this fact, the sustained popularity of his published addresses convincingly attests. Dr. Shannon is a Kansan, born February 11, 1877, and before going to Chicago filled successful pastorates in Logan, West Virginia and Brooklyn, N. Y.*

"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS"

OF the multitudes I reach through the radio, the "shut-ins" make the deepest appeal to me. Consequently, I set them at the head of my invisibles; but they do not exhaust one's opportunity for service through the ether waves. I have reports of definite conversions—spiritual "shut-ins," so to speak. There are many letters, also, from the non-churched; the radio has evidently put these upon the religious map; and some of them have made—for them—the brand-new discovery that the Christian Church is a worth-while, going concern.

But in my nearly two years of broadcasting, I place the following letter, which is self-explanatory, as among the foremost in point of interest. It comes from a city in Michigan:

"Among your appreciative listeners through the radio is Miss Olof Krarer, a little Eskimo lady, from far-off Greenland. For over twenty years she was on the lecture platform, speaking in every State in the Union. As they were with the same lecture bureau, she knew Dr. Gunsaulus very well and admired him greatly. She enjoys every reference made to him, and thinks you have a true appreciation of him.

"For many years, because of illness, she has been unable to hear a sermon. Now she looks forward during the week to hearing Central Church services. In her gratitude for this, she is sending an Easter offering that you will find enclosed.

"P. S. I wish I could let you see this tiny little woman, forty-four inches tall, as she sits, often with tears in her eyes, drinking in your words. She especially looks forward to your prayers, and certainly sends up many for you. She, with her family, drifted in their dog-sledge on an ice-floe to Iceland where, under a Lutheran minister, she was taught the Christian faith. Her means are limited. The gold piece she sends you was a Christmas gift, and means a true sacrifice, so gladly given because she has received so much. If you should ever be tempted to think, 'What's the use?' remember her, and *don't*."

—FREDERICK F. SHANNON.

XII

GOD'S WONDERS IN THE DARK

"Shall thy wonders be known in the dark?"—PSALM 88: 12.

FOR sustained sorrow and sadness, the Eighty-eighth Psalm is said to have no fellow in the entire Psalter. It begins with crying, continues with lamentation, and concludes with desolation. Who the author of this unique production was we do not certainly know; but we do know that he asks some deep and familiar questions. "Wilt thou show thy wonders to the dead?" "Shall they that are deceased arise and praise thee?" "Shall thy lovingkindness be declared in the grave?" "O Lord, why castest thou off my soul?" Such questions could only be mothered by trouble and fathered by affliction. Yet, is it not a fact that mortals ask their deepest questions while fording the waters of grief? It is even so of my text, which is one of the profoundest and most suggestive questions enumerated in the whole list set forth by this sorely perplexed singer.

Yet, while emphasizing the entire desperation of the psalmist as uttered in his solemn hymn, we have no right whatever, as Christians, to emulate his unchristian attitude. It would be unjust to

blame him for not appreciating a revelation he did not possess. At the same time, we should be unworthy of the calling of Christians, if we did not lift the psalmist's hard questions up into the sweet sun-glow of God's revealing love in Christ. It is in this spirit, therefore, that we would approach both the text and theme—"God's Wonders in the Dark."

I

Consider that God's wonders shine forth in the dark of human ignorance. Justly do we make much of our knowledge to-day. Relatively speaking, there is a noble background, indeed, for such an attitude. Humanity has not lived and struggled and prayed and thought and worked for thousands of years in vain. Great deeds have been done; wonderful progress has been made; mighty victories have been achieved; deathless visions have been seen; sublime thoughts, watered by tears and scorched by fires of agony and shaken by thrills of joy, have pierced the night of man's ignorance like stars. It is unreal, unhealthy, and untrue for rational beings to be always thinking, singing, and living in the minor key. We may be worms of the dust, but we are also wonders of divinity. We may be creatures of a day, but we are goldenly doomed to outlast the constellations. We may know only in part, but we *do* know—and that is enough to bathe life in healing sun-glow.

Yet, after all, what man knows is vastly less than what he does not know. The great feeling and knowing souls are most keenly aware of this truth. Carlyle said that science is, as yet, no more than a film on the infinitely deep sea of our ignorance. But is it not consoling to feel that God's wonders are nevertheless there within the dark of human ignorance? It gives one the conviction that life has intelligence, purpose, and goal. To those who think at all, it is quite evident that the earth, and the evolving life upon it, is not now what it was in the very distant past. Enormous modifications are manifest on every hand. And this applies not simply to the surface and depths of the earth, but literally to every form of vegetable and animal existence as well. Now, think your way back—and one of the miracles of mind is that it can do this very thing!—to the unrecorded bygones of time. There was no order, no world, no mineral, vegetable, animal, or human life. Chaos and night held sovereign sway in the unpeopled wastes of immensity.

Yet, within that awful dark, did not God's wonders begin to show? Order took possession of chaos. Light silvered the horrible blackness. Germs of life began to stir within the womb of creation. The Infinite Farmer plowed those deserts of doom, sowing the chaotic fields with seeds of purpose and beauty. Is it not refreshing to think that, long before there was any human brain-

wagon in which Thought could ride, Thought was already thinking? Had there never been a human brain to "listen in" to the thoughts of the Infinite Thinker, there is not the slightest reason to suppose that God would be one whit less the Thinker that He eternally is. In other words, God's thoughts are not limited to our brain-recorders. The world is packed and crammed with thinking. Everything is alive, even though everything does not know "I am I" with the unique and solitary self-consciousness that distinguishes the human. Wordsworth held that every flower enjoys the air it breathes. What if every pool enjoys its own ripples, and every star its own light, and every bud its own bloom, and every tree its own sap, and every bird its own matin melody?

Now, in suggesting this line of thought, are we not venturing a bit into the unlit dark of human ignorance? But consider this: The farther man pioneers into the wilderness of matter, the more amazing matter becomes. Discovery may be defined as the process of lifting the countless veils from the face of creation. Falling away one by one, these vanishing veils but disclose mystery on mystery, wonder on wonder, infolding each other like unconsuming flames of intelligence. Thus, as man unlocks his doors of ignorance, God's wonders are close at hand. And have they not been there always, waiting for man to enter the enchanted rooms of life and claim them for his uses and ends?

What an astonishing story is this of the dark, of man's ignorance, and God's waiting wonders within! In the Old Stone Age, ages and ages ago, man vexed the earth with a crooked stick called a plow. To-day he rides behind a gigantic tractor and watches ten deep furrows of billowy soil roll beneath and behind him. Not many years ago the ox-cart and horse-drawn vehicle were familiar means of conveyance. To-day the express train, the automobile, and the airplane are far more common than the prairie schooner was to the pioneer. Washington took twelve days to ride from Mount Vernon to New York for his inauguration; when he died at Mount Vernon, a much longer time passed before Boston could be informed of his death by post. To-day, the words of a speaker are heard more quickly by people a thousand miles distant than by those seated within a few feet of him. It is probable that man will some day stand upon the shores of America and see his friend on the shores of Europe. For does not civilization exhibit, on an immense scale, the dark of human ignorance and the glowing wonders of God within?

All of which proves that we are in an unfinished world. Each generation is tempted to think that progress comes to an end with its own ending. Thus, somewhere between the ages of fifty and sixty, we begin to talk about "the good old days." Grant that this is the period of dawning mellow-

ness, our October of human pensiveness, one of the golden chapters in man's earthly career! But because we begin to slow down ourselves is hardly sufficient reason to conclude that the world is also slowing down to our own melancholy pace. The fact is, the universe is young and raw and green and mysterious, full of hidden meanings, glowing with unsolved problems, melodious with appeals to the inexhaustible greatness of the soul, big with surprises that will perpetually greet the developing mind of man. Each generation is no more than a comma, just a pause in the unceasing literature of creation. There are no periods, no full stops.

And why? Because of God's overwhelming wonders in the dark. "The modern mind," says Dr. Edgar L. Heermance, "does not regard knowledge as something fixed or final, but as a series of approximation." Thus, the most brilliant knowledge is, relatively speaking, a kind of ignorance. There are two reasons which make this explicable. First, ignorance means more than to be uninstructed or untaught; it means to ignore, to disregard, to wilfully shut the eyes to, to take no notice of. From this standpoint, what a marvellous capacity to ignore most of us have! Every hour is freighted with meaning and every inch of space alive with wonder, and yet most people are supinely content to ignore the whole amazing panorama. Inexcusable, verily, is this kind of ignorance! But the second reason lies in the fact that there is so

much to be seen and known that uncounted generations have scarcely more than picked up a few pearls of knowledge washed up from the abysmal deeps of Infinite Wisdom. Of the eighty odd elements hidden away in the storehouse of matter, all have been discovered within the past five centuries. Only four hundred and forty-eight years lie between the discovery of antimony by Valentine in 1450 and radium by Curie in 1898. Yet the first and last elements discovered by man, as well as all the others between, have been there for innumerable ages.

Therefore, in the light of discovery, who dares to say that we know all there is to be known about the multifold universe? Instead of saying that we are at the end of things, as some of our world-weary brethren are somewhat monotonously affirming, a far wiser and happier vision is that which is stirring in the hearts and minds of intelligent prophets and deep-seeing souls all around the earth to-day. Old orders perpetually vanish, giving place to new. "We are on the tiptoe of expectancy," say God's major prophets. "Nothing can utterly surprise or overwhelm, because we have a just vision of the immeasurable possibilities of mankind, rooted in the unfathomable depths of creation." To this company belonged the late Alexander Bell, inventor of the telephone. "The possibilities of further achievement by the use of electricity are inconceivable," he said. "Men can do

nearly everything else by electricity already, and I can imagine them with coils of wire about their heads coming together for communication of thought by induction." So God and man are smiting the dark of ignorance with deepening beams of intelligence and love, patiently exhibiting the splendour of God's wonders in the dark.

II

Think, moreover, of God's wonders in the dark of misunderstanding. Beyond all question, one of the direst tragedies of life is the terrible gulf of misunderstanding which separates good men. That wicked, criminal men should sooner or later be engulfed in the black abysses of misunderstanding is not strange; inquity is doomed to destroy itself in time; this is an immutable law operating on the side of righteousness. But that able, respectable, honest, and public-spirited men should also become relentless enemies is one of the appalling facts of history and experience. We see it in the Church. Great servants of God have waged implacable warfare on each other. Ecclesiastical history is full of graveyards piled high with theological skulls. The fires of martyrdom have been kindled by fagots of religious hatred. Dungeons have rotted with the bones of men and women worshipping the same God as their inhuman persecutors. We see it in science. Supposedly broad-minded masters of matter, pioneers, and discov-

erers in realms physical and mental, have arranged themselves in opposing camps, often losing sight of their work as they threw stones at their fellow-workmen.

It is even true of various philosophic schools. Men dedicated to pure thought, to an unbiased study of truth regardless of prejudices and prepossessions—even these equanimous, thought-tuned gentlemen forsake the noble serenity of contemplation to hurl maledictions of woe at their disagreeing and unconvinced philosophic brethren. Not even the urbanity of modern culture renders philosophers immune to the hate-germs released by philosophers themselves. In politics, of course, this practice is notorious. If it were confined solely to the time-serving, demagogic, political grafter and spoilsman, the problem would at least have the transparency of downright scoundrelism.

But we see it also among great servants of the State. Say what we will about our heroes, it is impossible to conceal their feet of clay—at least in the eyes of their contemporaries. George Washington and John Adams, however much we may venerate them, were neither heroes to each other nor to the other's followers. Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton could each have put the other in purgatory and slept soundly the night following the act. What some present-day political leader thinks of another as expressed by tongue and pen shows that the traditions of our elder

statesmen have been strictly adhered to by the outstanding men of their generation in America. The same spirit pervades the industrial realm. At times one is almost driven to the conclusion that capital and labour live in the same world by necessity rather than by choice. Either side can paint a picture of the other in such lurid colours that the gullible at once lines up according to the dictates of his gullibility and self-interest. Meantime, that innocent bystander named the public can foot the bills. Consequently, the philosopher's words are fulfilled: "Nothing proves the want of all thought, the absence of standards in men's minds, more than the dominion of party."

Now, I have cited these instances to show that the dark of misunderstanding is very real and deep. The world may have been in uglier moods than to-day at certain periods and in particular areas; but the world as a whole, I verily believe, never before experienced such a profound political and human upheaval. Is it going to result, finally, in chaos or cosmos, world-anarchy or world-order? Meanwhile, what is our hope? In science, in politics, in education, in international commerce? By no means! These are all in themselves insufficient. Our hope is in the living God, Who is even now showing His wonders in the dark of misunderstanding. We are simply so close to the dark that we are blind to the splendour within it. But be not deceived; God is there, working in wisdom and

love toward His own far-off ends. The situation is appalling.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

"God is light; and in him there is no darkness at all." We must appropriate this Light Divine. Do you tell me that men can use all the other energies in the universe, and yet are incapable of using the One Eternal Energy, Power, and Godhead out of Whom all energies inevitably come? I refuse to believe it! And herein is the Light humankind must have for the solution of its gigantic problem of misunderstanding. Truth, said Frederick Robertson, is composed of two opposites. But God alone is capable of employing these two opposites on an infinite scale. No man, and no set of men, just because they are men and not God, can compass the whole vast scheme.

Let Washington and Adams misunderstand each other; let Jefferson and Hamilton quarrel; let political leaders of our own time be political enemies; let scientists, philosophers, churchmen, labourites, capitalists, and educators wrangle with and among themselves. Nevertheless, this foundation standeth sure: The Lord not only knoweth them that are His, but the great and holy and glorious God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is continuously reconciling the es-

tranged and unfinished creation to Himself. While men use their time and talents for good or bad or both, the big fact to remember is this: *Men are being used by God.*

And this, too, without severing the nerve of individual human responsibility. Not so long since I sat on the edge of a patch of blossoming buckwheat. I had watched the stalks of buckwheat climb skyward from the time they thrust their tender green through the soil. Night and day, through rain and shine, they have leaned upward, inch by inch, toward the wooing lips of the sun. The other morning I came out to find that the green had been kissed into soft blooms of mysterious white. This morning the bees are working among the blossoms in a riot of energy. They are making honey, of course; but they are doing something else also. They are being used to carry the pollen from bloom to bloom. Is it not likewise true of our vast, buzzing hives of human bees? We use the world, but we are being used by Something bigger than the world to forward ends infinitely beyond any conception of any age of the world. This is a truth we are always forgetting, but a truth that life and history are unceasingly setting forth.

Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks in 1453. Up to that time, Europe had engaged in commerce with India, China, and Japan, enriching herself by trading in precious stones, silks, and

spices. But with the fall of Constantinople, the Mediterranean Sea was unsafe because of Turkish pirates and Europe was forced to think of a new route for her Eastern trade. Among these thinkers was that dreamer, Christopher Columbus. Looking for a new road to the Indies, he discovered a new world. Like most discoverers, Columbus sought one thing and found another. Beyond the Sea of Darkness lay God's wonderful new hope for mankind.

Yet more wonderful, even, than the physical discovery of America will be America's spiritual discovery of herself. Evidently, that is a long way off. We are as yet in our national and international swaddling clothes. Others think, with Professor William McDougall, that we have passed our meridian already and are now upon the national decline. "As I watch," he says, "the American nation speeding gaily, with invincible optimism, down the road to destruction, I seem to be contemplating the greatest tragedy in the history of mankind." My own hope is that, after God has buried a few more generations of politicians and partisans, already quite dead from the chin up, America will take her part in doing an international job for the whole world. Our children will then see that our fears were as baseless as Patrick Henry's opposition to the Constitution. The eloquent Virginian was a glorious patriot, but sometimes he was ingloriously wrong. What becomes

of all the energy and brain-power wasted in futile fears, eloquently voiced by honest, well-meaning men, is a mystery to me. But I reckon the law of the conservation of energy gathers it all up again and passes it through kindred brains farther on in the evolving cycles. If all the useless tears shed in history could be transmuted into sweet drops of consolation, would there not be a well-nigh universal cordial for the genuine agonies of mankind?

In discussing John Stuart Mill, John Bright said: "The worst of great thinkers is that they so often think wrong." But whether our human thinkers be great or small, there is One Thinker Who does not think wrong. God's thoughts are very deep, as the psalmist says; His wonders are often hidden in the dark of human misunderstanding; but in due time He sets them forth in wondrous order and clarity, which proves that they were there, though hidden, all along. Therefore, what time I am afraid, I will trust in God; and what time I cannot understand His mysterious goings through the ages and nations and worlds, I will continue to believe that there shall not be one lost good, because God is everlastingly resolved to make the pile complete.

There's a feel of all things flowing,
And no power of Earth can bind them;
There's a sense of all things growing,
And through all their forms a glowing
Of the Shaping Soul behind them.

In the stone a dream is sleeping,
Just a tinge of life, a tremor;
In the tree a soul is creeping—
Last, a rush of angels sweeping
With the skies beyond the dreamer.

So the Lord of Life is flinging
Out a splendour that conceals Him:
And the God is softly singing
And on secret ways is winging,
Till the rush of song reveals Him.

III

Consider God's wonders in the dark of suffering. As the physical cosmos is held together by the tether of gravity, our spiritual universe is held in the higher unity by the crimson rope of pain. From many angles thinkers have undertaken to justify the ways of God to man in the matter of suffering. But the only final mental or moral justification seems to root itself in the purpose or reason of God in creating a universe at all. As a display of God's wisdom and power and creative skill, the universal order, as human beings know it, can scarcely justify itself before their own deeper, clear-eyed consciousness. Apparently, there is so much waste, so much unfulfilled good, so much downright inhumanity, so much meaningless suffering, that no mere display of creative power and skillful manipulation of cosmic forces can compen-

sate mankind for the terrible pangs and throes immanent in the whole creation.

Where, then, are we to look for light upon this dark problem? *Why, in the conviction that the goal of the universe is in the growing of Christ-like character.* If, through all the forms of creative variety and struggle, from lowest protoplasmic beginnings to highest prophetic fulfillments, the purpose of the Creator is Christlikeness in the human and angelic creature, then the warp of pain in the woof of things is tolerable and well worth the toll man pays to enter the yielding heavens of reality.

Whatever may be the ways of God with other portions of His universe, the moralization of the earth, the development of the highest mankind, seems utterly impossible without pain and struggle. This is as morally certain as any axiom in mathematics. The most perfect organism we know is the physical organism of a human being. Man's body is in itself a composite universe. The mystery of stars and seas and skies and suns seems to be compressed, "focused to a point," in man's bodily house. But does the most perfect human body exhaust the creative goal of God? A world of physical Apollos and Helens, however wondrously organized, would still be a world of organized dust. Infinitely higher of course, in the scale of being, is human intellect. In his inventive, reasoning, and imaginative powers, man is veritably only a little

less than the angels. Yet, unsanctified intellect may be, and too frequently is, but the stronghold of unblushing deviltry. Perverted intellectual efficiency is just another name for hell's overflowing supersufficiency.

But there is a third dimension in which God's way with men and the universe justifies itself before the bar of history and illuminated spiritual consciousness. It is this: *Christianizing the human soul.* Here is the supreme test of the Infinite, the supreme achievement of the finite. Now, if anything is self-evident, this work cannot be done apart from suffering. "The whole creation," says Paul, "groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." It would seem that the worlds of matter and of mind are coöperatively involved in this redemptive litany of glory and doom. Reckoning that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us, Paul says that the creation itself waits in earnest expectation for the revealing of the sons of God. Set within the loom of pain, man is in process of ultimately realizing the purpose of God in the production of Christlike character. Evidently, for a world like this and for mortals like ourselves, is not pain the path to human perfection?

"Well," but you rejoin, "does God truly show His wonders in the dark of suffering?" Consider our Lord and Master. He is the Divinest Splendour

that has yet dawned upon our eyes, the greatest excellence the universe has to show to mortal men. Christ did not ask that the universal law of suffering be repealed on His behalf. From the cradle to the crown, He practiced it unwaveringly. Though He was the Eternal Son of God, yet He learned obedience through the things He suffered. Suffering the incompletenesses of the evolving world and the unspeakable wrongs visited upon Him by men, still He threaded the nethermost mines of darkness only to discover golden gems of righteousness glinting through the meaningful gloom. Sounding the depths of woe, our Lord found them good, even as God found the fair face of His world in the sublime creation hymn of Genesis. Is that historic Calvary outside the city wall but symbolic of that Eternal Calvary within the Heart of God? If so, the God Who suffers in and through His creation, is far more wonderful and glorious than the God Who merely brings universes into being. For we are then assured that Power and Mind are completely realized if Heart, Matter and Men are held in the grip of Infinite Affection.

Thus, at the back of the night silences in the universe, Christian faith hears the flowing of the sap of love through the Tree of Life, and patiently waits in hope for the blooms to fall that the fruit may ripen. Recently, after preaching in Chazy, New York, a beautiful and sorely afflicted

soul slipped the following lines into my hand. Having seen much of the shadows along her pilgrim way, she has also seen God's wonders in the dark. Here are the words she gave me:

This moving house that you call me,
Is growing old, and I can see
That it is weak, and here and there
I find some things beyond repair.
You err in thinking it is me,
For I am what you cannot see.
Within I tread the well-worn floor,
Or stand beside my prison door
That outward swung in days of yore.
'Tis useless now, it swings no more.
Without my house, I see nor hear
Some things that once to me were dear,
And o'er my roof the chilly flow
Of Winter piles its drifts of snow.
Yet all within is still aglow
With earnest life, and everything
Wears on its face the joys of Spring.

XIII

THE INCREDIBLE PRESENT

By

HENRY CHAPMAN SWEARINGEN, D. D.

Pastor, House of Hope Presbyterian Church, St. Paul, Minn.

BROADCAST FROM STATION KFDZ

HENRY CHAPMAN SWEARINGEN *was born at Hookstown, Pa., April 28, 1869. He was graduated from Alleghany Theological Seminary in 1894, and ordained a Presbyterian minister in the same year. He is a D. D. (Westminster College, Pa.), and an LL. D. (Jamestown, N. D.). Prior to his going to St. Paul his pastorates have been churches in Espyville, Pa., Alleghany, Pa., and Lincoln, Neb. In his present charge, Dr. Swearingen has laboured earnestly and successfully for more than seventeen years. He has given the Church of his choice long and honourable service, and, in turn, his Church, in various and signal ways, has honoured him. In 1921, it bestowed upon him the highest honour in its gift, when the General Assembly, meeting at Winona, Ind., elected him Moderator.*

A MINISTER OF GOOD

BROADCASTING sermons appears to be of special service to persons who are shut in or who live in out-of-the-way places without facilities for public worship. At least this is the impression I have received from letters written by those who have listened in to the messages which have been broadcast from the pulpit of our church here in St. Paul. Unquestionably radio is a minister of good, and the bearer of good tidings.

—HENRY CHAPMAN SWEARINGEN.

XIII

THE INCREDIBLE PRESENT

"Behold ye among the nations, and look and wonder marvellously; for I am working a work in your days which ye will not believe though it be told you." —HABAKKUK 1 : 5.

THIS text is a most interesting study of God's providence and of human nature, of that persistent and tireless operation of God in the unfolding of history, and of that ignorance, sometimes native, sometimes acquired, which seems to make it impossible for men to follow the working of the Divine Hand. The particular occasion of this prophecy is well known. The prophet cries out concerning the violence and strife and contention and the perverting of judgment which characterized the kingdom of Judah, and God answers that He has a heavy rod which He will lay on the backs of His people. This rod is none other than the Chaldean Empire. The might of Babylonia will be used of God to correct His erring children.

If any prediction, at the time Habakkuk spoke, could have appeared more incredible than others, it was this one. Had the prophet said, "God has chosen Egypt to be your tormentor," all the statesmen would have been on the *qui vive*. Had he

said, "Assyria shall be your terror," there would have been alarm everywhere in the habitations of Judah. But the Chaldeans! "Well, if we have no one to fear except the Chaldeans," Judah's leaders would say, "it is surely a bright prospect. The Chaldeans have never been our enemies. They have been our fellow sufferers. They are vassals like ourselves. Babylon and Jerusalem are twins in grief and subjection. Assyria has been as haughty and despotic toward Babylon as she ever was toward us." The sentiments of these two peoples toward each other had been sentiments arising out of a common distress. Nothing whatever to fear from Chaldea!

Imagine then the impression which Habakkuk's prediction made on the minds of those who first heard it. He describes the Chaldeans as "That bitter and hasty nation." Why, it hadn't enough courage and initiative and force to free itself from Assyria. It was somewhat in the position of Korea to-day with respect to Japan. Yet the prophet continues: "That bitter and hasty nation, that march through the breadth of the earth to possess dwelling places that are not theirs,"—and this when they were wholly unable to possess even their own dwelling places,—"They are terrible and dreadful; their judgment and their dignity proceed from themselves. Their horses also are swifter than leopards, and are more fierce than the evening wolves; and their horsemen press proudly on: yea,

their horsemen come from far; they fly as an eagle that hasteth to devour. They come all of them for violence; the set of their faces is forward; and they gather captives as the sand. Yea, he scoffeth at kings and princes are a derision unto him; he derideth every stronghold; for he heapeth up dust, and taketh it." And all this shall come, Habakkuk warns Judah, not in the far future, not in the days when you shall be sleeping in the dust and your descendants of the fourth and fifth generations shall be witnessing the result of a long process, but *now*. "I am working a work *in your days* which ye will not believe, though it be told you."

And this very thing happened. Despite all the wisdom and foresight of Judah, and until the armies of Chaldea were actually encamped before the strongholds of Jerusalem, no one would believe it possible. It was only the turning of God's hand. Nebuchadnezzar, king of the Chaldeans, joined with the Medes in overthrowing Assyria. In reward for his work as an ally, the Chaldeans were made free. Then, instead of remembering the time of their own bondage and having pity upon other subject peoples, like so many persons and nations that come up suddenly from a low position to a higher one, they grew haughty and despotic. Chaldea spread herself over the whole of the East, and every helpless people became her prey, Judah among them.

The incredible present! How significant this principle when applied to history. How true when applied to your personal career; how true when applied to the lives of your children; how eminently true when the record of the Church is tested by it.

"I am working a work in your days which ye will not believe though one told you."

How could any one have predicted the history of Europe when Napoleon was sweeping over the nations of the continent? Could any one have foretold the expansion of invention and the rise of the industrial spirit and the beginning of the industrial era, which changed the whole face of civilization and would have brought to an end the dream of Napoleon, even though he had been victor at Waterloo? God was working a work in his day which neither he nor any of his associates could believe. Men like James Watt, with his walking stick in the neck of a tea-kettle, had been turning the world upside down while Napoleon's cannon were roaring at Austerlitz and Jena.

Who could have foreseen the rise of Japan within recent years? It is only a little more than twenty years ago that few took account of Japan, but suddenly she blossomed forth as victor over the vast power of Russia and appeared in the councils of the world as one of the foremost nations. Twenty years ago! Nobody could have dreamed it. God was working a work in our days which we would not believe, though one told us.

When I was a lad the traditional enemy of America and, in the minds of many people, a constant menace to America, was Great Britain. Less than thirty years ago, under the second administration of Grover Cleveland, this country was on the verge of a war with Great Britain over the situation in Venezuela. See what has transpired. How the face of the world has been transformed. Could any one, in the days of Grover Cleveland's second administration, have predicted what has come to pass—the binding together of our nation with the British Empire, and the rise of other problems and other difficulties in the Far East. If any man had said, twelve months before we took the Philippines, that America would be the possessor of considerable territory and the ruler of great numbers of peoples in the Orient, and that she would have a colonial policy with respect to this region where the guarantees of the constitution could not in reason be applied,—well, he would have been laughed at as a harmless dreamer or looked upon as mildly insane. "I am working a work in your days which ye will not believe, though one told you."

Forty years ago there came to the city of Lincoln, Nebraska, a young lieutenant recently out of West Point, with the ink scarcely dry on his commission, to take charge of the few men students at the University of Nebraska, and organize them into a cadet battalion. About that time came

to the same city a young man from his home in the east, a callow youth, looking for a job; not always able to find satisfactory employment, a young man to whom some of my friends there, as they tell me, loaned five dollars to tide him over his difficulties. He finally became a teller in a little bank and started his career. Forty years ago! The young lieutenant was John J. Pershing, and the young teller was Charles Dawes. John J. Pershing, the leader of America's part in the military phases of the World War, Charles Dawes, the leader of America's part in the financial phases of the World Peace. "Behold, I am working a work in your days which ye will not believe, though it be told you."

And this is going on all the time. The difficulty is the present is so near to us we have no conception of its significance, and we are handling every moment the forces which are going to tell. When John J. Pershing and Charles Dawes were standing around the street corners of that little Western town, it would have been thought utterly incredible that they would become the mighty world figures that they have become, rendering the invaluable service they have rendered to the cause of liberty and civilization.

But there are others like them, and for aught you know they are standing around your street corners, or they may be working in your institution. We are handling all the time the elements which make

the future. We are dealing with the vital forces out of which God is to construct His mightiest works. We know not where they are.

I remember, when a boy in a country school, the Director on his visits used to tell us that a president of the United States might be in that company. Well, there have never been any presidents elected from that particular section, but even so—military leaders and chief magistrates do not make the history of a people. They are only incidental instruments that God uses, and He could find others if He chose. No doubt there are other men of the type of Pershing, other men, many of them, of the type of Charles Dawes. These men chanced to be selected; the important thing is the sentiment which lies behind such leaders. Had it not been for the patriotic sentiment of our people, for their passionate devotion to the cause of liberty, neither General Pershing nor any other commander would have had any might among the armies of Europe; and were it not for the sentiment among Americans, our desire now for peace, the realization that peace can come only through particular measures, and the consciousness that we must live together, despite our prejudices and antagonisms, with the strongest helping the weak—it is only this spirit which makes it possible for Charles Dawes, or any other master of finance, to propose a plan that gives some promise, at least, of satisfying the world powers.

We exalt leaders and magnify their responsibilities; but leaders can do nothing without followers. Leaders are made by their following. No leader has the power to raise the wind. The wind is blowing; he sets his sail and, skillfully, wisely—more skillfully, more wisely, it may be, than any,—he guides the craft. But God makes the wind blow. God who makes the occasions which bring men to the fore. It is God who creates in the hearts of average people the sound, religious, holy sentiments which, after all, are the chief elements in history.

This brings us very close to our subject. History is made by the fundamental sentiments of men. I think one of the strangest—contradictions, shall I say?—one of the strangest movements within our knowledge has been the change of temper with respect to peace. When the occasion was present, all the patriotic impulses of men were stirred and their passions inflamed; they were wildly strenuous in their determination to strike for liberty. Subsequently arose another occasion, and in six years the whole temper of the world changed. This change does not signify any contradiction in the spirit of the people. It suggests only an alteration of the occasion which appeals to their emotions and their convictions; that is all. Their ambitions and purposes are not altered. At bottom these are the same men and women. They have the same ideals, they have the same strong,

ethical and spiritual basis of life; but here is one occasion that calls forth sentiments of one sort, another occasion which calls forth sentiments of another sort—one occasion that is a summons to one kind of action, another occasion that is the summons to another kind of action, but fundamentally there is unity of purpose and spirit.

We cannot control the occasions that call for such expressions, but we can control the sentiments and the ideals and the purposes of men which speak in response to these occasions. And this is the reason the principle we are presenting is so significant for the young. It is why it means so much for you parents. The ideas that you are putting into the minds of your children, the contacts you are giving them with the great spiritual forces of the world, are the determining element in the future. How grateful we should be for such an organization as the Church, with its opportunity for the boys and the girls to saturate their minds with the purposes and principles for which Jesus Christ is sponsor. The Church with its auxiliary activities brings them into living contact with those spiritual ideals and conceptions which are eternally true, with the religious interpretation of history, brings them face to face with the mighty personalities who have had on their hearts the concerns of God from the first to this hour—men whose names are linked unbrokenly with the onward going of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. How im-

portant that the children, and the rising generation, broadly speaking, shall know what God is about.

And it is far more important that they should know this than that they should know what the politicians are about, or what the financiers are about, or what the economists are about; more important than knowing the mind of this class or of that class, the mind of writers or the mind of workers—far more important that they should know the direction in which God is moving. Because, if you bring them into close contact with God and let them breathe His spirit and live in the atmosphere of His working, you make sure that, when they come to manhood and to womanhood and He begins to unfold His purpose before them, they have within their souls the potentialities of the response which will count mightily.

Never smile at anything which God predicts. Never! The antediluvians would not believe, until the flood came. The people of Judah would not believe until the hosts of Chaldea were at their door, and the world will not be found believing Him when the Son of man comes. "Behold, and wonder marvellously; for I am working a work in your days which ye will not believe, though one told you."

How humble we should be; how distrustful of all secular judgments which leave God out of account; how distrustful of all statesmanship which does not honour the Kingship of Jesus Christ;

how patient, how watchful, how open-minded toward all that God is doing; and how faithful to the generation that is coming forward, that it may be a ready and willing instrument in the hand of Him who is working His marvels in our day, at which the world would scoff if we were in position to predict them.

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